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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVI No. 1911 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — SEPT. 5 1936

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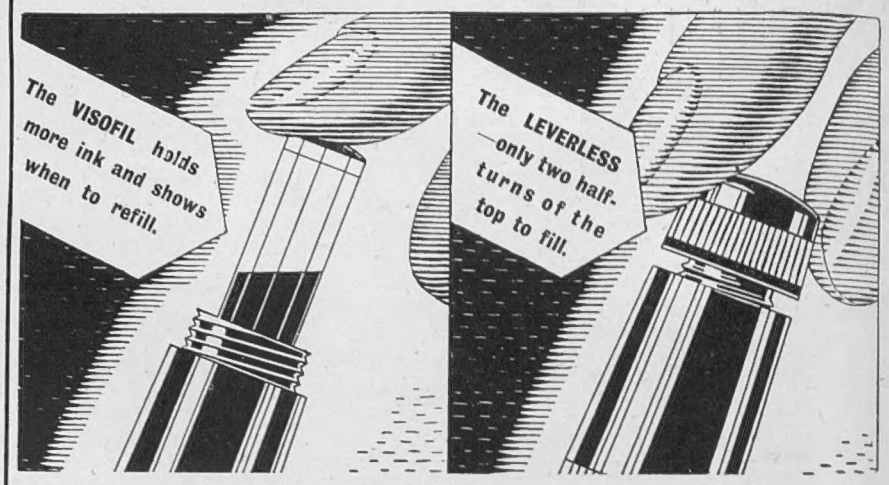

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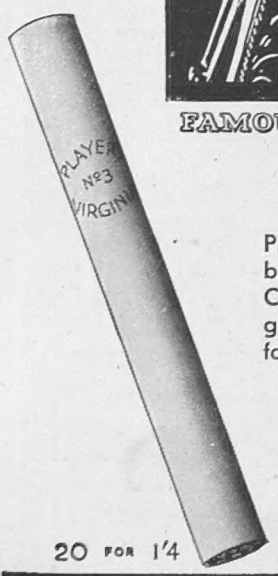

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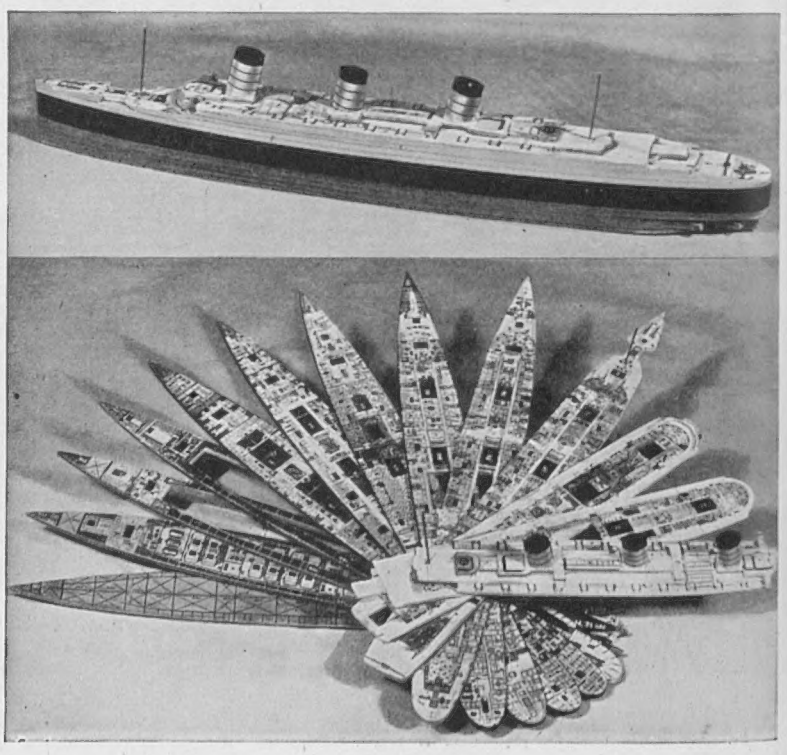

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 5, 1936

BIRTH OF THE NEW EGYPT

The Egyptian Premier Addressing the Meeting, Presided over by Mr. Eden, before the Signing of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty at the Foreign Office

"This Treaty can indeed be considered as a symbol. Great Britain and Egypt show themselves to the world as two equal and friendly countries, united under the sign of free co-operation and sincere alliance." With these words Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Premier, speaking in French and with a French orator's declamation, reached the climax of his speech in the Locarno Room at the Foreign Office last week, and the stage was set for the signing of the historic agreement between his country and Great Britain, an agreement which brings to an end Egypt's subsidiary status and makes her a Sovereign Independent State, free to enter the League of Nations and, for better or worse, to control her own affairs. The ceremony, outcome of fourteen years of negotiation, was over in half-an-hour, and at the moment when the dream became a reality Cairo gave itself up to rejoicing. Flags were hoisted on all public buildings, the bourse was closed, and hundreds of students paraded through the city with banners flying. (An account of the proceedings and an historic interpretation of the Treaty's text will be found on page 372 of this issue)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

RIVER GIRLS: Miss Denise Dean and Dr. A. V. K. Cyriax who competed against each other in the Ladies Single Sculls race at the annual regatta of the Skiff Club held last Saturday on Teddington Reach

A London Newsletter

ROSS-SHIRE, N.B.
Wednesday, September 2, 1936.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH.

—Last week gave us an anniversary. Five years ago last Tuesday the first National Government was formed by Mr. MacDonald. One feels that National Government has been our good fortune for at least twice as long. Good fortune I think it is to have enjoyed National Government (even in name) during these troubled years. For although the party spirit has never for a moment sunk itself but persisted even when there was no serious opposition, and though its critics have always labelled National Government as blatantly Conservative, yet it has been in truth as sane and constructive as the impossibly difficult times allowed, and as Socialistic as either Socialist Government that has been in office. No party Government ever yet carried through more, or more sweeping, legislative reforms in quicker time (for better or worse, I know not) and no Conservative or any other form of party Government ever carried through such sweeping changes towards Socialism (and bureaucracy). But the changes in our social life as a result of National Government are not the only remarkable changes connected with it. The Ministers have chopped and changed in remarkable fashion. Of the "original parts" only one is still played. Sir Philip Sassoon was Under-Secretary for Air five years ago when the "show opened." He is still at his post. A hard working, able, adroit player of minor parts, he deserved promotion and it is no secret that he desired to succeed Mr. Ormsby-Gore as First Commissioner, a post which he was thoroughly qualified to adorn, for his taste, judgment, and knowledge are unexceptionable. And he would have been appointed but for the fact that Coronation year was in the offing and it was considered that, with the Dominions to be very specially considered, and the post of First Commissioner so vitally concerned with ceremonial details, the office should be filled by the "very moral" of a British Nobleman, Garter, and all. And so it was. Sir Philip Sassoon must enjoy the goodwill of Premiers past and present, for he has been a generous host to British and Foreign statesmen ever since the days of Versailles treaty-making. No doubt he will shortly find a higher niche.

RUSSIAN MENTALITY.

—The great treason trial in Russia—conducted, thanks to radio, in the open court of civilisation—provided us with another inexplicable mystery. It is not so much Soviet mentality as Russian mentality (everlastingly beyond our comprehension) that puzzles us. In no other country in the world could accused persons (facing the death penalty) so obligingly do the job for the prosecuting counsel, and humbly pray their judges to impose on them the extreme penalty. When planning their crimes they were no doubt as mad, and bad, and brutal as "normal" murderers and base criminals, but once under arrest and facing their judges they took on the characteristics of religious fanatics, pining for martyrdom, spoiling for punishment, revelling in the utterness of their guilt. Nor were they of the type of neurotic half-men (like the assassin of the Empress Elizabeth) who do murder for the hope of publicity and for self advertisement. They admitted that their offence was rank and smelt to Heaven. They had sinned against their Holy Ghost who is the Russian workpeople, and they demanded death in expiation. And within 48 hours all were dead. Either we must turn to Tchekoff, the only writer who gets near to giving Englishmen some faint clue to the obscurities of Russian mentality, or once more we must accept it that the political movements of post-war Europe are religious movements and that political plotters are religious fakirs.

ROAD ACCIDENTS.

—If statistics prove anything (and surely they must do so, since nowadays our lives are ruled and directed scientifically by means of them), then for decades the motorist has been unduly blamed for causing death and injury on the road. The annual casualties are hideous, and do not much decrease, but of the huge total of pedestrians killed on the road no less a percentage than eighty-three is found to have been the sole or main cause of those accidents involving also motorists. Thus the motorist must reasonably be judged on an annual figure of casualties about one-fifth of that commonly assessed against him. It is a startling new light on the guilt of motorists. After that huge and vital deduction we may judge him. Excessive speed is still the main cause of his blood guilt, with improper and reckless overtaking second. In a word, the impatient, selfish driver is Enemy No. 1 among motor-drivers. Further proof of this fact is supplied in the discovery that 60 per cent. of the accidents take place on straight roads. In dense traffic accidents are comparatively rare, but built-up areas (where the speed-limit nowadays is constantly neglected) are a black spot which ought to be white. The figures clearly show that pedestrians are themselves the chief cause of accidents, that the majority of them cannot be blamed (because of extreme youth or infirmity), and that pedal-cyclists are still a prime cause of casualties. Thus the onus of improving conditions on the road is thrown on parents and teachers and on pedal-cyclists.

THE POLITICIANS IN SCOTLAND.

—The politicians have busmen's holidays, and there are gatherings daily in the north where more serious subjects are discussed than pipe-music or sheep-dogs. The West Perthshire Unionist Committee staged such a gathering at Kinross last week, at which both the Duchess of Atholl, the local member, and Mr. W. Morrison, K.C., M.P., spoke. Mr. Morrison appeared to mistake the nature of the affair, for he surely set up an Aunt Sally, only to knock it down with a coco-nut, when he railed against those fools who wished England to intervene on one side or the other in the Spanish trouble. What responsible body favours such intervention or seriously considers it a constructive proposal? They represent an Aunt Sally hardly worthy of a single coco-nut. If indeed, as Mr. Morrison hinted, that Aunt Sally is the Socialist party, it is a party so sharply and unequally divided on the subject as not to deserve the adjective "responsible."

RETURN IN TRIUMPH: The *Queen Mary* escorted by pleasure steamers and other craft as she made her way up Southampton Water at the end of her record-breaking crossing which regained for Britain the Blue Riband of the Atlantic lost seven years ago by the *Mauretania*. The Cunard White Star giant averaged 30·63 knots throughout the journey, as compared with the 30·31 knots of the *Normandie* on her fastest eastbound run, and on her third day out maintained an average of 31. It is confidently expected that when necessary she will be able to better these figures by a wide margin

BULLET ON RAILS: The L.N.E.R. train *Silver Jubilee* which last week set up a new record for British railways by travelling at 113 m.p.h. at one point on its regular Newcastle—London run. Over 6 miles the average was 110·8 m.p.h., while for 11 miles it was above 100 m.p.h., and it is doubtful if such speeds have been equalled anywhere in the world by ordinary trains carrying a full load. At the time the record was made luncheon was being served in the dining car, and a passenger, who happened to be there, afterwards commented on the smoothness and steadiness with which the coach travelled

Germany and mandated territories were the Duchess' theme and present preoccupation. She hoped Mr. Eden and the Government would continue to head-off Germany from repeating the embarrassing request for the return of her East African colonies. She based her objections to such a rendition on new ground. She declared that to hand back to Germany any territory with coast line would enable her to establish submarine bases which would enormously increase her naval strength

she engaged in war. Some of those who heard her considered that she was gratuitously flapping a red rag before the bull's eyes, and that vaguer grounds might have been suggested for the status quo. However she turned next to the League and the Scottish Milk Marketing scheme, which last had the lion's share of local publicity; and the affair closed peacefully with exhibitions of country dances.

THE ANTICS OF THE GROUSE.—The grouse is really as much a mystery creature as the salmon or the Loch Ness Monster. None can yet say with certainty that the salmon feeds during his sojourns in fresh water. As a sport, salmon fishing in Scottish rivers has been bitterly disappointing for four seasons. One or two spring rivers in Sutherland have shown fair results, but the summer and early autumn fishing in Highland rivers has been too long in the doldrums. The "patchiness" of the grouse this season is another story, and a new phenomenon. In the Inverness area the results so far revealed are very curious. On neighbouring moors there have been records and nadirs; even on neighbouring beats of the same moor there have been big bags and blank days. There is nothing in the state of the heather to account for the difference. Grouse certainly are known to migrate in mass, when they pack and late in autumn, but in August and early September it is difficult to account for such patchiness when neither disease nor weak heather nor height nor low altitude can be used as explanation. Huge bags have been made on Meallmore, but just across the Ross-shire border some landlords have cancelled all shooting. On the Cawdor Moors the higher ground shows the better stock, and the most consistently productive beats have disappointed. Of two neighbouring moors, admirably managed, one reports a good average season, the other the worst within living memory. No one has an explanation. I was solemnly warned by two Ross-shire landlords as I went north towards Ross-shire that I should not find a live grouse on any moor, that Ross-shire was off the map for grouse-shooting for years to come, that the beetle was ravaging the heather, and that even the healthy heather had ceased to offer attractions to hare or grouse. I found the very contrary. On two moors near Ardgay, driving and dogging, I found a fair and wonderfully healthy stock, admirable heather, and perfectly normal conditions of an average year.

CULLODEN MOOR.—In the right preservation of places of historic interest the Highlands have something to learn from the Lowlands. Culloden Moor—the saddest spot in these islands, if Glencoe does not surpass it—is the great peep-show of the tourists who flock to Inverness in summer. I believe those tourists have been in the past attracted to the spot by its very desolation and sense of brooding sadness—the scene of the death of so many brave men in a hopeless cause. But the authorities in Inverness thought otherwise. They thought it politic to brighten the battlefield. After due thought they allowed the desecration of the place with a garish tea-room and souvenir stalls, and when application was made for the erection of the usual type of petrol pump it was not refused. The site, therefore, is ruined. It is a peep show, a tourist resort like Hindhead, a place for litter and tawdry and cheapjack. Now a few more acres have been handed over to the Scottish National Trust to safeguard to the public the approaches to the cottage—that carefully preserved and arranged museum piece which tourists also visit. That with a little planning the tea-rooms and petrol station could have been quite conveniently sited so as not to spoil the character of the battlefield is unquestioned. The authorities seem to have taken the view that these amenities would add to the attraction of Culloden Moor. This additional gift of land would have been even more welcome if it had been given conditionally on the site's being redeemed from vulgarity.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.—Sir Charles Trevelyan who recently announced that he would leave his historic family house in Northumberland to the National Trust on conditions laid down by the Trust itself, will go down as a pioneer in a fashion which is likely to become general among owners of historic places in the next decade or two. With taxation so high and so unlikely to decrease, with communistic ideas ever growing more widespread, the possibility of holding on to such historic homes for two more generations of the old families is remote. When a few months ago the Duc de Noailles came over from France to address a meeting of "interested parties" on this subject, the discussion revealed that a great deal of thought had been given in France and England to the question of preserving such famous and historic homes, with their treasures and setting intact, from decay and the speculative builder, and the Duke's address showed that in France the scheme was clear-cut. In brief, the scheme in Britain provides for the bequest or handing-over of stately homes of acknowledged historic importance to the National Trust, to hold as trustee for the nation, leaving as tenants of the Trust and house the owner-family, which is no longer responsible for repairs and no longer liable to pay the crippling death-duties on the estate. In return for these manifest benefits, the "owner-family" ceases to own its home and the new owners—the British public—have access to view the house and its treasures on a fixed number of days every year, certainly not fewer than thirty and probably many more where the house is on the tourist track or near a great city. In many such houses this practice of public viewing has already been customary—in exchange for financial concessions—for many years and the owners soon get used to the infliction. Thus the benefits of the scheme to the "owner-family" are manifest and the preservation of places as much a part of English history as Hatfield, Knole, Chatsworth, Blenheim, or Haddo, is manifestly to the advantage of the nation.

THE TRUST'S RISKS.—The position of the National Trust is less obviously happy. For this body—the trustee of the nation's landed estates—has no capital and is solely dependent on public subscriptions. Thus it takes a big risk when it invites the gift or bequest of landed property, whether common land or private estates. It saddles itself with the upkeep which is heavy even with heath land but immensely onerous with ancient buildings. Its revenue available for each such property depends on fees for admission to view from the general public, on local subscription, and on money donations by benefactors by will or life gift. Hitherto the public has not too generously supported the Trust or sought to safeguard its ever increasing heritage. As a result, many gifts of land (easier to part with than cash) have proved more an embarrassment than a boon. The Trust is for ever struggling to make ends meet and without the assurance of fuller backing by the public and in emergency by the State, the scheme which Sir Charles Trevelyan has embraced for his own historic home, may yet prove a disastrous failure. The State has conceded something and given hope of further concessions, it is true, but the future of the scheme is still hazardous. Nor are the owners of the acknowledged historic homes all of one mind or in the same stage of acceptance of the inevitable. Knole has long been a public museum. Lord Salisbury revealed clearly at the Duc de Noailles' meeting that he foresaw the impossibility of handing on Hatfield on a purely private basis for two more generations of the Cecil family. But the Dukes of Rutland and Marlborough have not yet found it necessary to "share" their private treasures with the public, and the former at any rate is strongly opposed to the idea of so doing. As for Sir Charles' decision it was something of the suddenest for his heirs.

THE OLD STAGER

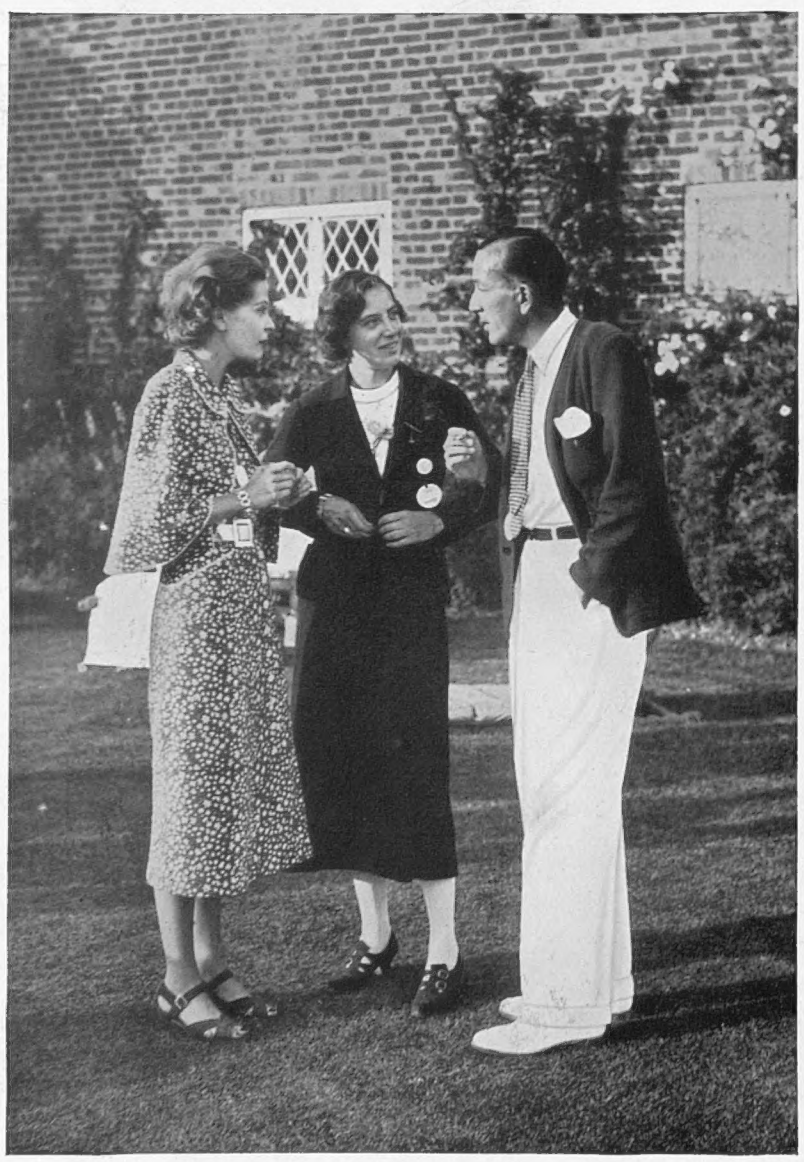
WINTER SPORT IN SUMMER SUNSHINE: Wilson, second from left, Arsenal's goalie, punching clear during the first league match of the season at Highbury last Saturday when the cup holders beat Everton by the odd goal in five before a crowd of 55,000 people. Throughout the country Association football was in full swing and as has so often happened in the past, the opening games were played under a blazing sun more suited to the leisureliness of cricket. In spite of this, however, attendances were enormous

OPEN-AIR ACTIVITIES

Hop Picking, Tunny Fishing, and Other Matters of Interest

START OF THE HOP SEASON: Children assisting in gathering the crop on Whitbread's farm at Paddock Wood, Kent, where 4,000 people are now at work, a large proportion of them from the East End of London. The pickers here are particularly well cared for and, instead of tents, each family has a hut with beds

JUVENILE GOLF: The Hon. Patricia White, daughter of Lord Annaly, looking on while Master John Stobart (grandson of Mr. J. E. Laidley, amateur champion in 1889 and 1891) drove off from the "ninth" in the Annual Under Fourteen Competition for the Cree medal held on the children's course at North Berwick

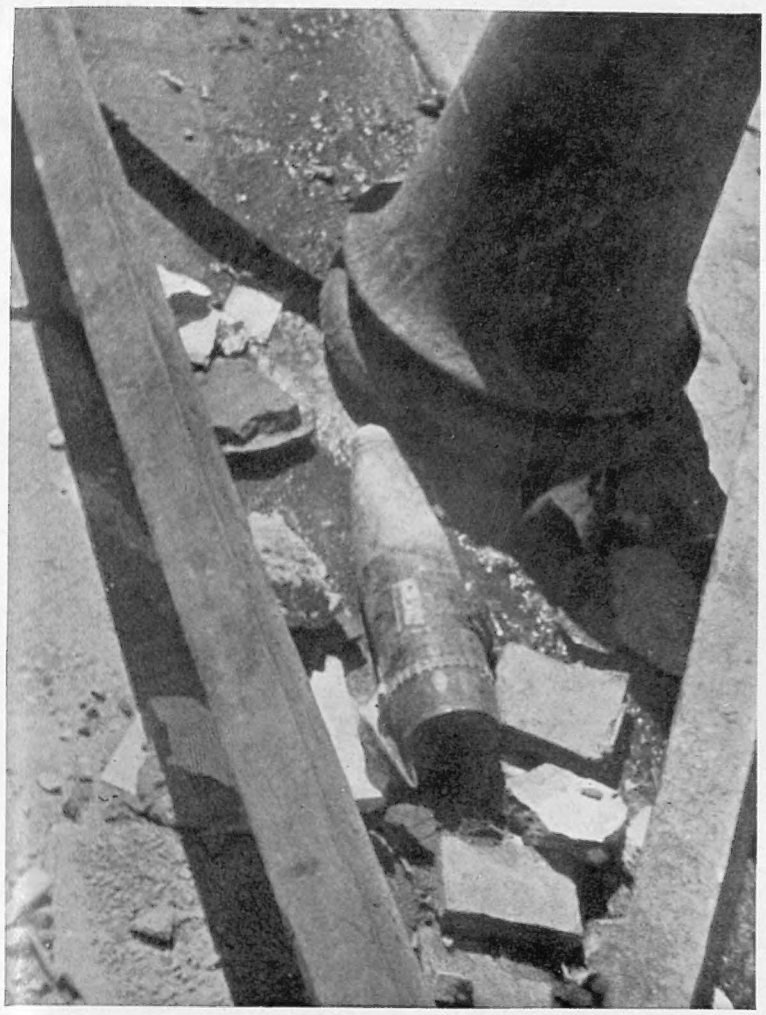


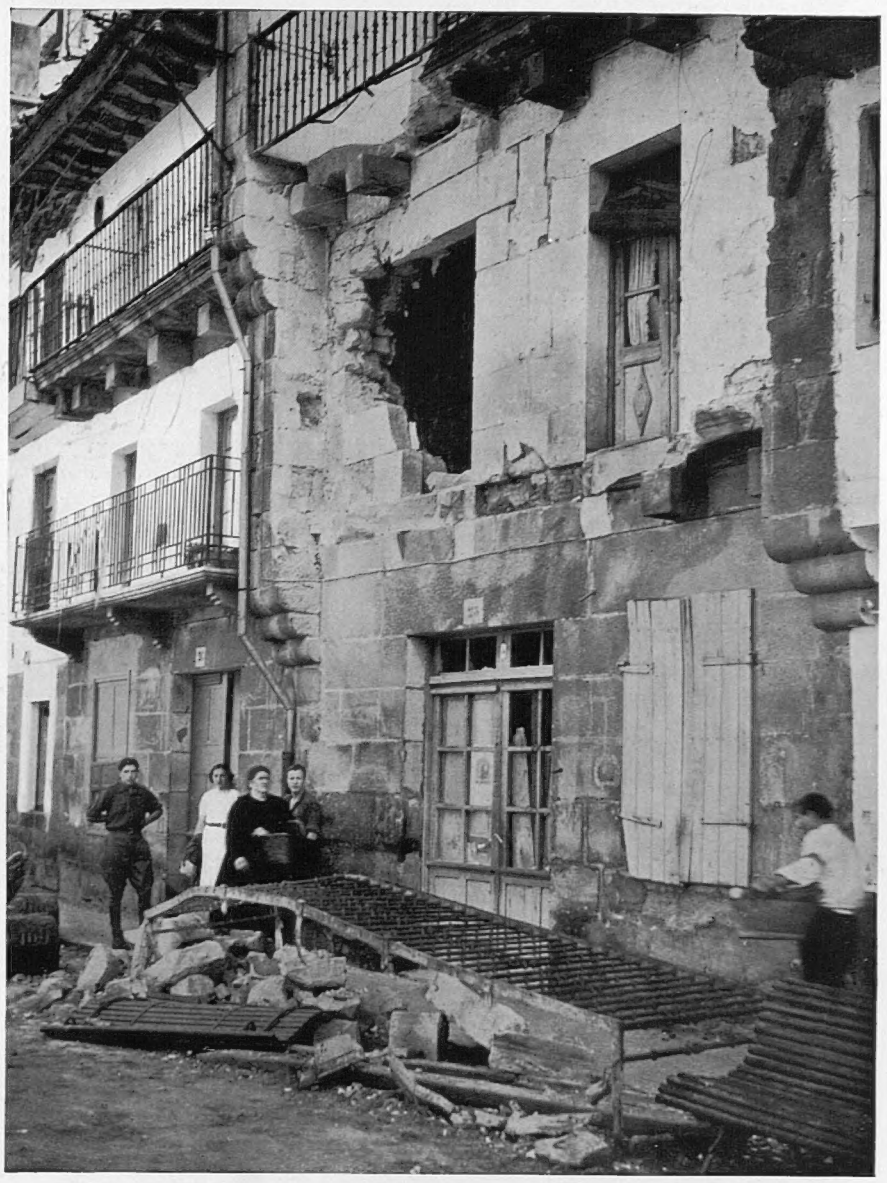
IN A NEW ROLE: Mr. Noel Coward, who is vice-president of the Cinque Ports Flying Club, with Princess Paley (left) and Fräulein Ilsa Fastenrath, the noted German aviatrix, at the party which he gave after the opening of the International Air Rally at Lympne Aerodrome. Mr. Coward, who will probably appear in New York shortly in *To-Night at 8.30*, has been much in the news of late, and he recently entertained members of the Egyptian Treaty Delegation at his studio

BRIDLINGTON'S FIRST TUNNY: This 469-pounder has won for its captor, Major Colin Cooper, of Barnwell Castle, Hampshire, the gold medal offered by the local Corporation to the first angler to land a tunny at Bridlington. Major Cooper, a member of the Royal Thames Club, has been fishing in the North Sea in his yacht *Aarla*. His prize-winning specimen is of good average weight, but at neighbouring Scarborough there have been some much bigger catches

THE STRUGGLE IN SPAIN

Pictures from the Northern and Southern Theatres of War



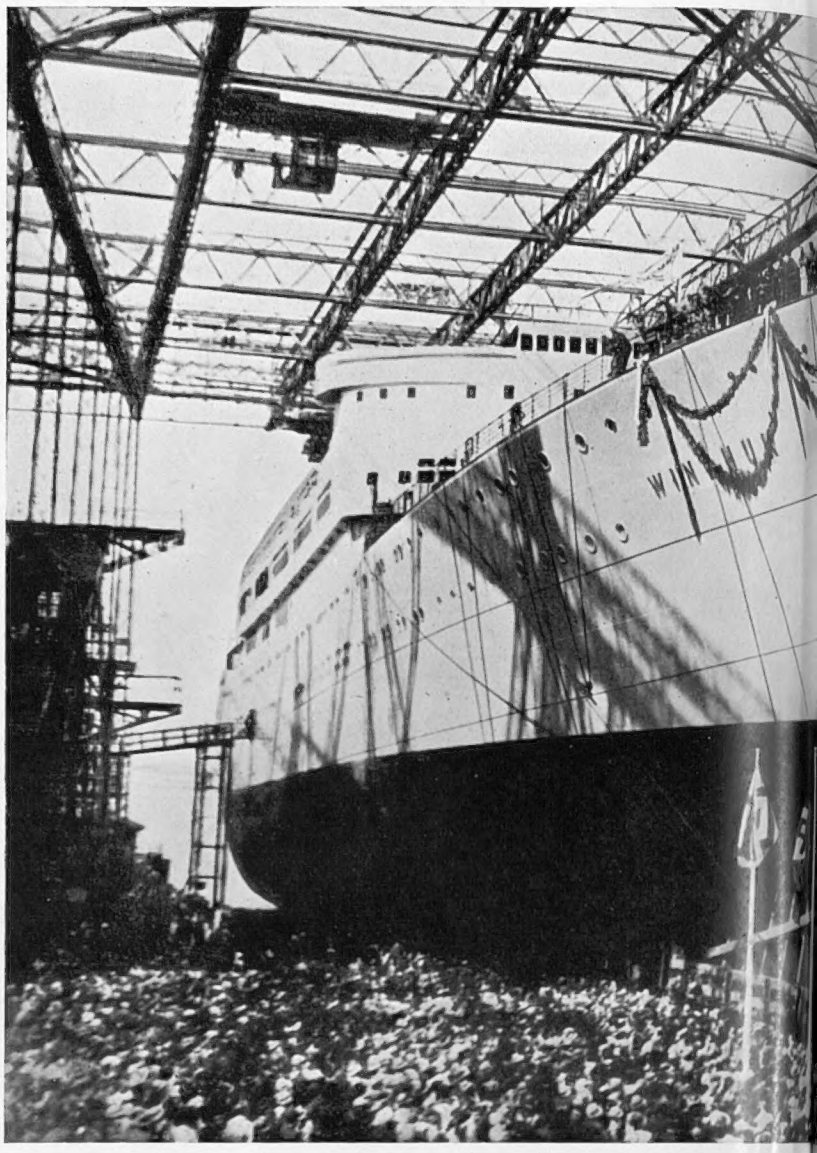


THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION: *Above*—A "dud" shell which fell in a Badajoz street as General Franco's big guns went into action to pave the way for the advance of his troops on the city. *Right*—The damaged façade of a house in Oyarzun, a township which has been the scene of bitter fighting during the repeated rebel attacks on Irun and San Sebastian. In the last few weeks artillery has played an ever increasing part in the civil war, and the insurgents appear to be much better equipped in this direction than their adversaries, their 155 mms. doing enormous damage. Fortunately few buildings of outstanding historic interest have suffered as yet

INFANTRY IN ACTION: A remarkable picture of a hand-to-hand encounter on the Somosierra front showing a party of Government supporters, who were entrenched on the crest of a hill, surrendering to General Mola's advancing rebel troops, and in the foreground the body of one of the slain attackers. In this region to the north of Madrid, as also in the neighbouring Guadarramas, a position of stalemate war reached soon after the outbreak of the civil war, both sides seeming equally well matched. The insurgents are hoping to obtain reinforcements from the San Sebastian region, but up to the time of writing this has not been possible

EUROPEAN NEWS SUR

TYROLEAN CHARM: Miss Ann Screen, the film actress, in the costume she wore when gaining first prize at Schloss Klessheim Concour d'Elégance, one of the attractions of festival time at Salzburg. The festival has proved a success this year, partly as a result of improved Austro-German relations and the cancellation of the 1,000 marks tax which Germany has hitherto levied on those of her nationals visiting Austria

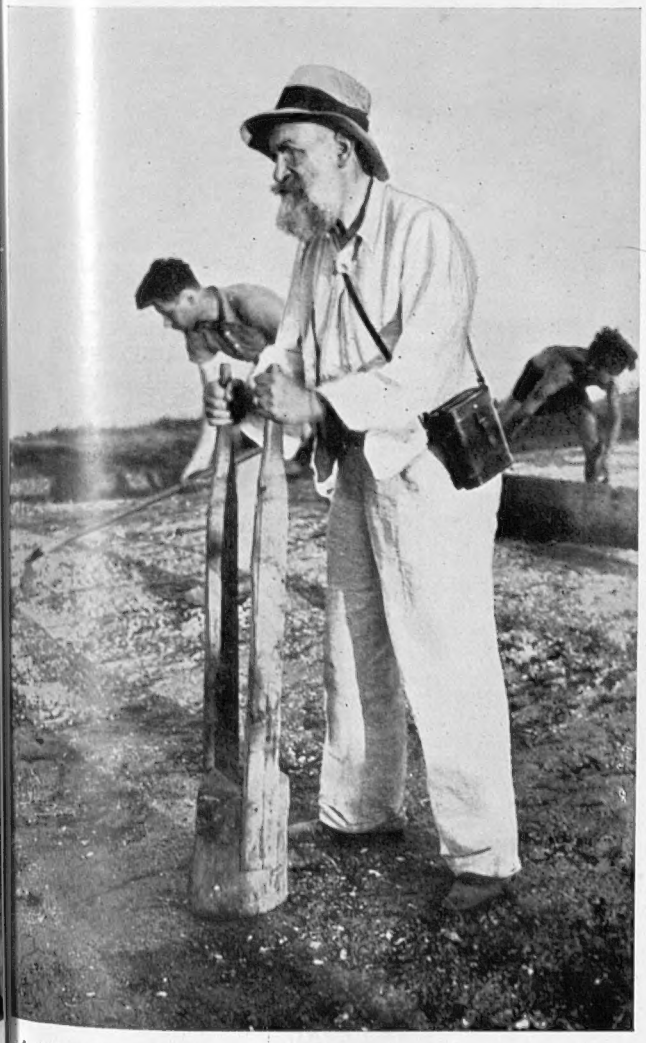


NAZI SEND-OFF: The 16,000-ton liner *Windhuk* at Hamburg before she was launched by General von Epp, who, in his address, said that "although the former German Colony whose capital has given its name to this vessel has been handed over to a foreign Power, our relations with that Power are cordial and the development of our trade has necessitated this latest addition to the German-African fleet"

VICTIM OF THE SOVIET PURGE: *Left*—General Putna, Russian Military Attaché in London, who is reported to have been recalled to Moscow and charged with complicity in the plot against Stalin, pictured with his wife and his fifteen-year old son, Alex, a student of St. Paul's School. The General is one of many officials whose names figured in evidence during the recent trial of Zinovieff, Kameneff, and the other Trotskyists who were condemned to death, and hundreds of suspected persons are now said to be lodged in the Lubyanka Gaol. *Right*—THE UNWANTED WANDERER: M. Leon Trotsky, the central though absent figure in the Moscow trial, who has been interned by the Norwegian Government on account of his refusal to agree to restrictions imposed upon his future activities. Having no rights of citizenship in any country his position is one of great difficulty, and it appears that in future he will be allowed no freedom of action and will be under constant guard

VEY: A New German - South African Liner Launched : Italy's Military Manœuvres : The Trotsky-Stalin Duel

CROWN PRINCE UMBERTO AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI MEET: The heir to the Italian throne, who commanded one of the opposing armies, and the Duce pictured together during the recent army manœuvres held in Southern Italy and in which some 60,000 men participated. At the conclusion of "hostilities" Mussolini broadcast a message to the troops and to the people of Italy in which he pointed out that the country could now mobilise a force of 8,000,000 at a few hours' notice. He also made the much discussed statement that "the armaments race cannot be checked. We do not believe in the absurdity of perpetual peace, but we desire to live in peace and to co-operate for peace among the peoples"



A VETERAN SHOWS THE WAY: General Zizi Cantacuzino, the aged Rumanian politician and soldier, engaged in road-making at one of the summer camps of the Fascist "Iron Guard." This organisation is gradually creeping back into favour in Rumania and stands to gain much by the exclusion of the Foreign Minister, M. Titulescu, from the newly-formed Cabinet

REALISM ON THE ITALIAN FRONT: Gas-masked and steel-helmeted troops taking part in the recent military manœuvres held in the hilly Irpinia region south of Naples. The chief feature of the exercises was the testing out of the new arms issued to some of the infantry units. These consisted of anti-tank guns, small machine guns adaptable for anti-aircraft work, and mortars of 1·7 to 3-ins. calibre

EGYPT: FROM VASSAL STATE TO ALLY

The End of Britain's Official Occupation of the Land of the Pharaohs and the Forces which have Led to the Signing of the New Treaty Between the Two Countries

MAN OF THE MOMENT: Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, acknowledging the cheers as he left the Foreign Office after the signing of the new treaty last week

AT a little before eleven o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, August 26, eighteen gentlemen entered the Locarno room at the Foreign Office and took their seats at a large mahogany table. All were in correct morning dress, but thirteen wore the red tarboosh of the Egyptian upper class. At the head of the table sat Mr. Eden; on his right Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Premier; on his left Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Sir John Simon, Lord Halifax, and Sir Miles Lampson, High Commissioner for the British Government in Egypt, took their places farther down, facing and flanked by the more numerous Egyptian delegates. A select audience of high officials, members of the Egyptian colony, and other distinguished visitors, including Mrs. Eden, Lady Lampson, and several Oriental ladies, were already installed on either side of the gold and scarlet room; while massed at one end, in front of the heavily ornate fireplace and immediately below the sumptuous portrait of King George, members of the Press, photographers, and cinema operators waited to play their indispensable part.

The stage being thus appropriately set, the proceedings could commence. They began with a short speech by Mr. Eden, welcoming the visitors and expressing the conviction that the treaty they were about to sign would inaugurate a new and happier era in the relations of Great Britain and Egypt. In the course of the negotiations, said the Foreign Secretary, he had come to realise that the alliance they were concluding reflected a genuine feeling of friendship and an appreciation of common interests. To this Nahas Pasha replied echoing Mr. Eden's sentiments and paying a tribute to the spirit which had made the agreement possible. The Anglo-Egyptian Treaty was then produced in duplicate and handed round the table, each delegate, beginning with Nahas Pasha and ending with Mr. Eden, signing his name to both copies. After which and a few final words from the Foreign Secretary, everybody got up and started shaking hands. Delegates and onlookers all looked delighted: as when a difficult business is over.

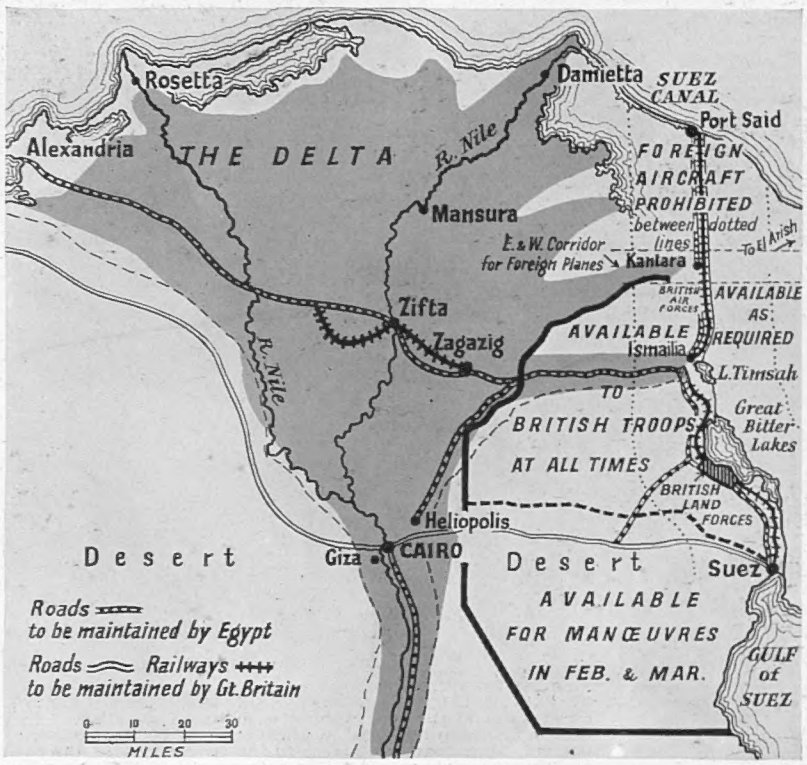
The Anglo-Egyptian Treaty is not merely a termination. As Mr. Eden remarked when signing it, it is both an end and a beginning. It ends the official occupation of Egypt by Britain, which has lasted almost exactly fifty-four years. But it inaugurates an alliance which, as specifically stated, is permanent, continuing after the period of the Treaty, and whether this lapses or is revised. The Treaty, in fact, represents a transition between what was and what eventually will be. On Wednesday of last week Britain ceased to be the real and recognised power on the Nile. But Egypt will not herself become that power immediately, nor for many years to come. In the meantime certain things will be done, enabling the change to be carried out without shock to either side and protecting the interests of both. It is these things that the Treaty lays down and it may be useful to summarise them briefly.

Before doing so, however, it will be as well to take a glance backwards. The story of British expansion is so vast, and its ramifications so diverse, that it is excusable for some of them to elude the average Englishman. It is not surprising if the signing of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty leaves many people feeling slightly baffled. Why should a Treaty be necessary, and if necessary now, why not before? Why should the present moment be chosen by Britain to agree to evacuate Cairo?

What results will the decision have? Is it another abandonment, after Ireland and India, of vital Imperial interests?

The only possible way to answer such questions is to go back to the beginning and try, very briefly, to trace the steps which led up to the present situation. In the first place it should be emphasised that Britain never consciously desired to add Egypt to its Empire. This helps to an understanding why she should now be getting out of it. Our attitude in the matter was best defined by Lord Palmerston, who in 1881, that is a year before the occupation of Cairo, remarked: "When I travel from London to York I like to find on the road a comfortable inn, but I don't want to own the house." Lord Palmerston was concerned only with the safety of the Suez Canal, which had just become the main line of communication with India. The same concern, and no other, has actuated every British Government since, and to-day as then it remains the ruling consideration in all our dealings with Egypt.

Prior to the military occupation Britain had endeavoured to protect this vital interest indirectly, interfering as little as possible in Egyptian affairs. This was the more desirable, both because Turkey was still the nominal suzerain of Egypt and that every British move was jealously watched by the other European Powers, particularly France, and was liable to lead to international complications. The combination of misgovernment and financial chaos which characterised Egyptian rule, however, made our intervention increasingly necessary. The institution of the Dual Control in 1879, by which a British and a French adviser were put in charge of Egyptian finances, temporarily staved off disaster, but before reform could bear fruit political troubles threatened.



THE LIE OF THE LAND: A sketch-map (the darkened tint on which indicates cultivated as opposed to desert land) illustrating the provisions of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty with regard to the maintenance of British forces in Egypt for the protection of the Suez Canal, and with regard to the construction of strategic roads, and the improvement of railways. It will be noted that a certain area is available to our troops at all times, that other areas are available for army manœuvres or in times of emergency, while regulations are laid down for the control of the passage of all foreign aircraft on either side of the Canal

In 1882 the military revolt led by Arabi resulted in the looting of Alexandria by a mob. The Admiral of the British squadron anchored in the bay sent an ultimatum to the rebel leader threatening to bombard the city unless the guns levelled at his ships were removed. Arabi failed to comply, and on July 11 the squadron opened fire and in a few hours reduced the shore defences to ruins. Having gone so far there was now no turning back. A few weeks later Lord Wolseley landed at the head of a British expeditionary force, and inflicted a defeat on Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir. The next day British cavalry entered Cairo and England was master of Egypt.

Since that moment, it would be scarcely an exaggeration to say, the constant aim of British policy has been to reverse the process and leave Egypt to herself. Equally consistent, however, has been the proviso that British interests must first be secured, particularly in regard to the Suez Canal. There was also the question of the Sudan which Kitchener reconquered with an Anglo-Egyptian army in 1898, thus laying the foundation for the still existing Condominium or joint ownership. Whatever may be said about the legality of the British position in Egypt itself, our rights in the Sudan were acquired by arms after the Egyptians had lost the country, and this, after long questioning it, they now at last have recognised.

But though it was never intended that the occupation of Cairo should be permanent, there was scarcely any question of evacuation up to the end of the last war. The war produced two important changes. While for military reasons it necessitated a much stronger hand, and indeed led to the establishment of a British Protectorate over Egypt; at the same time it awakened the national consciousness of the Egyptians and transformed the question of evacuation into a burning issue. The collapse of the Ottoman Empire had freed Egypt from one overlord only to substitute another, and although Britain had ruled chiefly for the benefit of the Egyptians, any idea of gratitude, or even recognition of the most obvious advantages, was swamped in the clamour for complete independence. "Egypt for the Egyptians" was the only slogan.

Faced with a situation for which it was totally unprepared the British Government made the concession of abolishing the Protectorate, and on February 28, 1922, Egypt was declared an independent kingdom. In practice, however, independence was limited by four reserves, which left the position much as before. For Britain still maintained her right to secure British communications, to defend Egypt against aggression, to protect foreign interests and minorities, and to control the Sudan. Any one of these reserves meant keeping an army in Egypt, and force being the ultimate arbiter, Britain remained dominant.

Naturally the Egyptian Nationalists did not accept this solution as permanent, nor was it considered satisfactory by the British Government. The agitation of the Wafd, the Nationalist party formed by Zaghlul Pasha in 1919, produced periodical rioting which had to be suppressed by British soldiers. In 1924 the murder of Sir Lee Stack, the British Sirdar, led the British Government to impose a heavy indemnity on Egypt and for a time quieter conditions prevailed. But the position was not comfortable and there was more than one attempt to reach an agreement. The most nearly successful was the Henderson–Nahas negotiation of 1930, which resulted in a draft treaty being initialled in London. On his return to Cairo, however, the Egyptian Premier got into difficulties with his own people and resigned. The Foreign Office then decided that the attempt at settlement should not be renewed until Egypt achieved a representative Government whose signature to a treaty could be accepted as binding.

In the autumn of 1935, that is after a wait of five years, the required condition, or something like it, appeared to be fulfilled. A General Election had returned the Wafd in overwhelming strength and there was no doubt that the new Government spoke for the country. On the other hand experience had taught the extremists the futility of violence, while Italy's threat to attack Egypt as a reprisal for sanctions had made the latter conscious, perhaps for the first time, of the value of British friendship. In this comparatively favourable atmosphere negotiations were opened in Cairo at the beginning of the year and pushed on at what, in view of the previous efforts, must be regarded as a surprisingly rapid rate.

No treaty is perfect, but this at least can be said for the agreement signed on August 26. It secures for Britain an ally, and it may be even a friend, where otherwise there would be at best an unwilling associate.

G. M.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS: Miss Hamdi Seif, daughter of the Egyptian Minister of Agriculture, Lady Ebeid, wife of the Finance Minister, and Ahmed Bey Maher, President of the Chamber of Deputies and former Prime Minister, seen in the grandstand at Gatwick races last Saturday

Old-Time Scenes in the New Egypt

Harvesting in the Shadow of the Pyramids

UNCHANGING IN A CHANGING WORLD: Harvest sleighs, circling a village threshing floor, crunching the grain from the stems as they go along. This interesting method of separating the corn and the chaff has been employed in Egypt from very early times

WINNOWING: After being crunched by the harvest sleighs the wheat is then tossed into the air so that the straw is blown away by the wind and the heavier corn settles to the ground. *Below*—Sieving the grain to remove any extraneous matter that may still be left

COOLING DRAUGHTS FOR THE HARVESTERS: Girls carrying liquid refreshment to quench the thirst of the menfolk labouring on the dusty, village threshing floor

Pictures by Charles E. Brown

ELECTRIFYING ALL HOLLAND

The Approaching Completion of a Scheme for Supplying Inexpensive Power and Light Throughout the Country

By ROY ELSTON

HOLLAND is a modern country, Volendam notwithstanding; in many ways it is the most up-to-date country in Europe—a little America, seizing everything new and making the most of it. The Dutch have found that it pays to be up to date, and whatever pays is good Dutch!

In electricity Holland is far ahead of most of the other European countries in spite of the fact that the country possesses no natural means of generation. It has its own coal, of course, from the mines in Limburg, and easy means of transport; and I have been told that electricity can be produced as economically on cheap coal as on natural water power. Anyway, electricity is cheap in this country and everybody who can uses it.

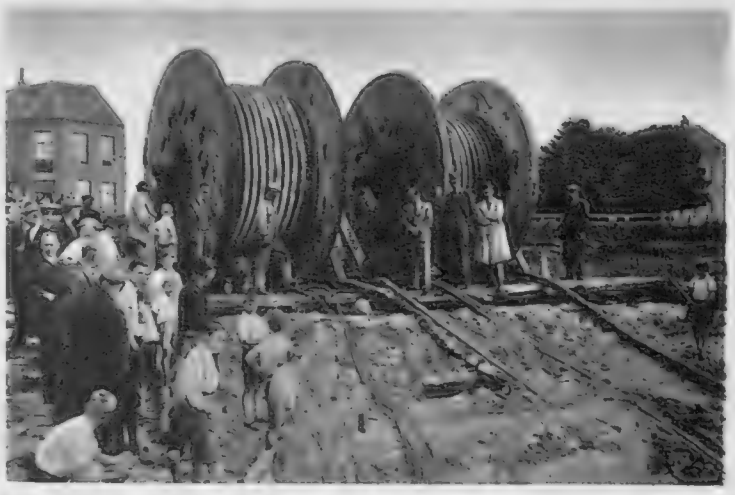
Light and power are available for 97 per cent. of the entire Dutch nation. The electricity used in the country in 1910 amounted to less than 5 kilowatts per head of the population; to-day it is nearer 250 kilowatts per head, and is increasing fast. The farmer in remote districts wants his electric iron and electric washing machine just as much as the burgher in the towns. Power is so cheap that industry has grown to depend upon it, and market gardeners have had it laid on for the purpose of producing their vegetables a bit earlier than their competitors can.

CATHEDRAL OF ELECTRICITY: The power station at Nijmegen the opening of which brings yet closer the day when the whole of Holland will be provided with cheap electricity

And so, of course, has arisen the problem of power transport. There they are, the spindly grids striding over the landscape with the same air of robot arrogance shown by the breed in England. And no one seems to mind very much, or perhaps the voice of the public is not so articulate as in England. The habit of writing to the paper is undeveloped here, and it is therefore hardly worth while being indignant about things.

Besides, on this question of countryside disfigurement, there are points of view and points of view, as a Dutch electrical engineer profoundly remarked. "At the moment," said he, "societies are springing up all over the place for the preservation of old windmills. After a century there will probably be societies for the preservation of the electric grids we are putting up at this moment. Scientific necessity," he concluded, "gradually alters æsthetic values."

It does, emphatically. One of the most magnificent stretches of Dutch countryside is that area of moor and heath known as the Veluwe, on the east side of the former Zuyder Zee—a region of heather and pinewood, which runs, with infrequent interruption, from Amersfoort to within a few miles of the German frontier. On one of the most beautiful stretches the view is utterly ruined by grids carrying high-tension cable through the air; and they are pointed out, not as a disfigurement but as one more splendid example of the progressive spirit of this ant-like race.



A CHOICE OF SYSTEMS: Laying down underground high-tension electric cables in Holland where experiments are being made with a view to doing away with the unsightly, but at present more efficient, grid. *Below*—Workmen preparing a trench for a line of underground cables

DOMINATING THE LANDSCAPE: One of the ugly steel towers characteristic of the Dutch grid system

There is, however—and this I rejoice to admit—a conscience somewhere at the back of the Dutch electricity magnates. One of these men was prepared to say that the tendency is growing to carry feeders by means of underground construction, "provided, of course, that it is found to be practicable." Already a number of underground high-tension cables have been laid in North Holland. It is, however, an expensive method.

At the moment a new method is being tried out in Holland. Experiments are being made in the great national electro-technical laboratories of Arnhem with the oil-cable system, which, I believe, has also been tried out in Germany and the United States. It is hoped that this system may ultimately replace the grid, and it is already the intention of the Dutch authorities to try it out in one section where power of 150,000 volts is to be carried.

These experiments are a hopeful sign, and show that the Dutch are in no sense committed to the overhead system. The system ultimately to be used will, of course, be decided on purely technical lines; but the desirability of underground instead of overhead installations where the crossing of exceptionally fine wood and hill territory is involved, was frankly admitted by one of the leading authorities.

The high-tension feeders are at present carried underground only in regions with weak soil and dense population. For the rest, the grid prevails—that is to say, over by far the larger part of the system. If it should be decided to stick to the grid method, the time will come when Holland will be completely encircled by the unsightly monsters as part of the country's plan to connect up all the great power stations in which Holland's electric power is generated.

The supply of electricity to most of the rural areas of Holland is by a tension of 50,000 volts, which is carried by means of the overhead system except in four very important areas. Any extension of these 50,000-volt feeders will probably be carried by the underground method.

In the underground system the cables are never carried through special subterranean passages or ducts, but are generally laid into ditches about ·75 of a metre deep. These are dug out along the edges of highways, and are filled up afterwards with sand or earth. The system differs from the laying of low-tension cables in that solid cover-plates, mostly of reinforced concrete, are laid on sand about 10 centimetres thick.

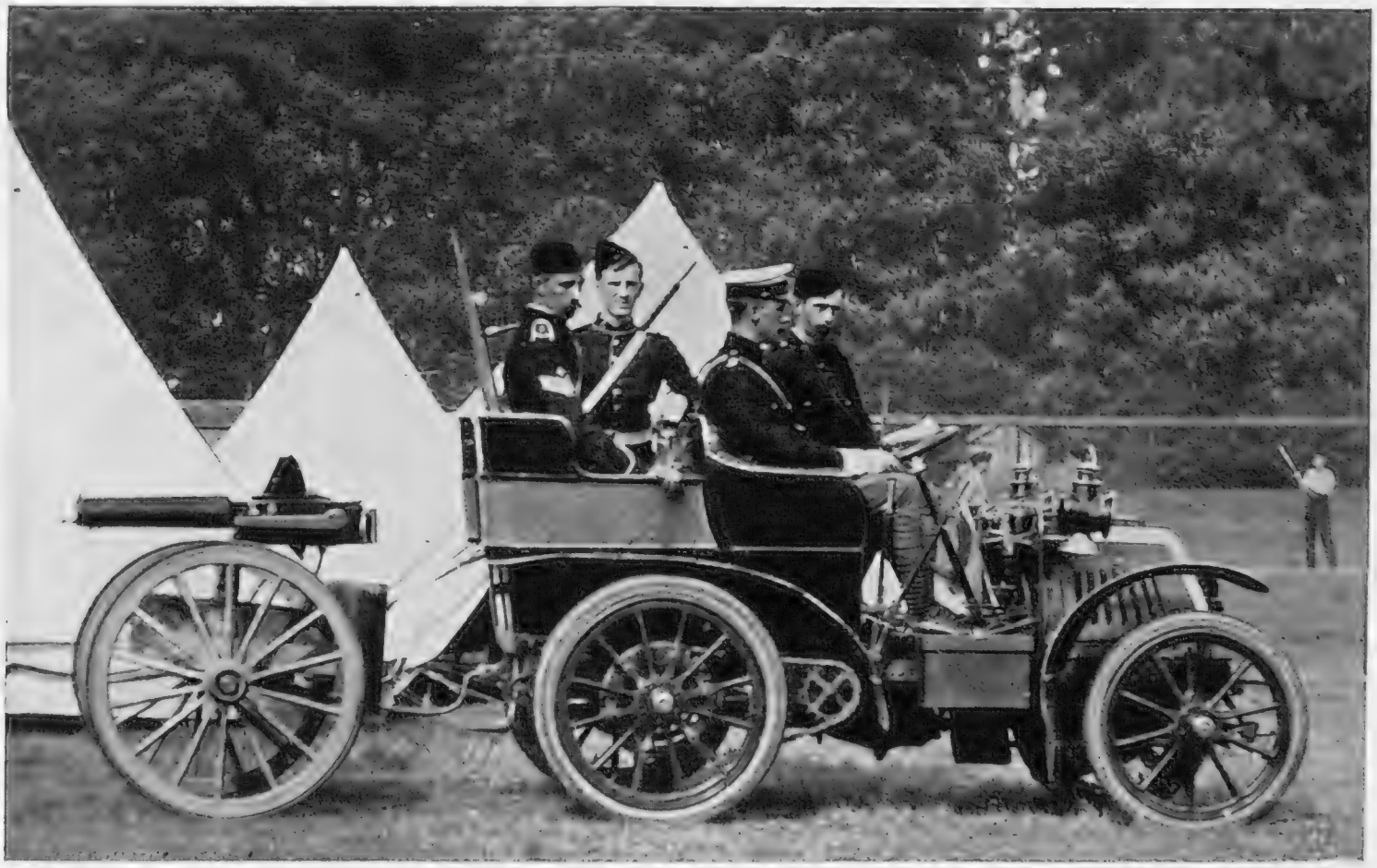
The combined length of the 10,000 volts underground distribution network in Holland is 15,000 kilometres. The high-tension net covers Holland, providing not only all the present needs of the country but foreshadowing in their capacity the needs of the future.

On right—NIJMEGEN GENERATING STATION: A section of the plant at this giant Dutch power house

THE MILITARY IN VICTORIAN AND EDWARDIAN DAYS

Old Camera Records, one of which Reveals an Interesting Early Attempt at the Mechanisation of Artillery

THE SCOTS GUARDS MARCHING THROUGH ALBERT GATE, 1896: The regiment returning to barracks after a morning parade in Hyde Park. The origin of this famous unit goes back to an even earlier date than that of either the Grenadiers or the Coldstreams, as it was raised in Scotland in 1639. At the time of the Crimea it was called the Scots Fusilier Guards, but about twenty years before this picture was taken the original title was restored



BIRTH OF AN IDEA: The present conversion of cavalry and infantry into mechanised units lends added interest to this photograph, taken at Lytham, Lancs., in the summer of 1904 at the camp of the 4th Volunteer Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment (now the 7th Battalion King's Regiment, Territorial Army). The machine-gun was mounted on rubber-tyred wheels and drawn by an 8-h.p. Panhard car belonging to one of the officers, Captain T. T. Vernon, of "Millennium Flour" fame. The experiment was watched with the keenest interest by the War Office

REALISM IN THE "DORSET" WAR: A lorry being backed down the beach to the temporary pier at Studland Bay where its bales of hay were unloaded and then transferred to the warships lying out to sea, on board which were one hundred and thirty horses in need of fodder. An interesting happening in the combined Navy, Army, and Air Force exercises, held last week on the Dorsetshire coast and designed to provide a lesson in landing operations and in co-operation between the services. The invading force was hampered by a contrary breeze, however, and on the first day was unable to bring its horses ashore, hence the need for hay

AN ENGLISH GALLIPOLI: Army, Navy, and Air Force Officers on the beach at Studland waiting for the arrival of the next landing party. Crowds of holiday-makers lined the sand dunes to watch the invasion. Note the wire netting pathways laid down to assist the movement of artillery

A COURTESY CALL: *Left*—The French destroyers, *Chacal* and *Leopard* seen in Portsmouth Harbour where they arrived last week on a four days' visit. A hundred cadets were on board and during their stay they were shown round several British vessels and were taken on a tour of the dockyard. *Right*—Commander Ven, of the flotilla leader, coming ashore to visit Admiral Sir William Fisher, the C.-in-C. at Portsmouth

THE C.I.G.S. LOOKS ON: Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, pictured at Studland where he watched the invaders land. For weeks past he has been putting the army through its paces, conducting exercises intended to give all ranks experience of conditions approximating to those on active service

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DORSET ATTACKED from the SEA

Combined Exercises by the Services on the South Coast

FRENCH DESTROYERS' VISIT

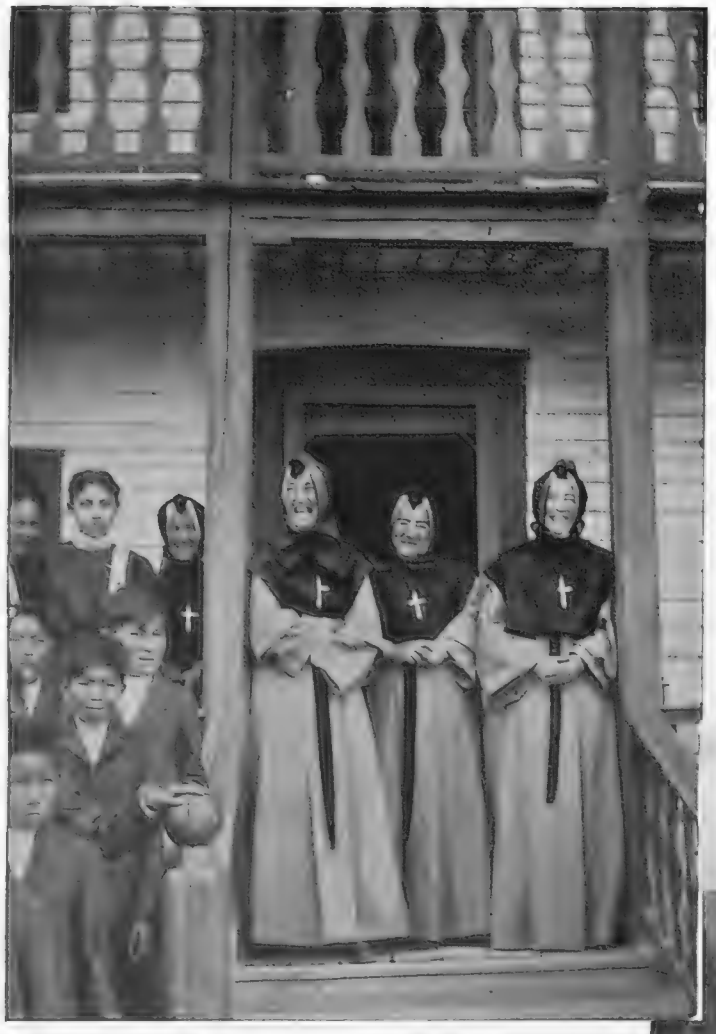
A Hundred Cadets Shown Round Portsmouth Dockyard

LANDING IN THE EARLY HOURS: Ammunition limbers being hauled up the beach at Studland along a special path of steel netting provided by the Royal Engineers. This was the vanguard of the "Blueland" force which put to sea from Plymouth and made a descent on the Dorset coast at the start of last week's combined Navy, Army, and Air Force manœuvres. The state of the weather proved disastrous to the raiders, however, and after the 2nd Battalion King's Regiment and several other detachments had been landed without opposition and had pushed forward to the attack on Corfe Castle, the rest of the troops could not be brought ashore to support them. They were thus in an unenviable position, and it was finally decided to effect a night re-embarkation rather than risk destruction at the hands of the better-equipped defenders. "A number of lessons may be learnt from the operations," says a military critic, "and one of them is that the employment of sea power to confer mobility upon the army is no longer really practicable

AIR DEFENCE OF BRITAIN: A rangefinder in action near Sheringham, Norfolk, where the 53rd City of London Anti-Aircraft Brigade has been in camp and has been carrying out elaborate operations. During their stay the men were visited by General Kirke, Director General of the Territorial Army

PIONEER WOMEN INVA

Facing the Cold and Hardships of



THE GREY NUNS OF THE NORTHLAND who for many years past have been acting as teachers, nurses, and missionaries to the Indians and Esk mos in the forbidding N. W. Territories, enduring untold hardships with unfailing cheerfulness. They really formed the vanguard of the growing army of women pioneers that has now invaded this part of Canada

YOU'LL find women doing all sorts of jobs in Canada's far north. There's May Rice, for instance. She and her family, six brothers and sisters, live at Goldfields, thriving mining town on the Alberta-Saskatchewan boundary. May is a capable girl, seventeen years old, good-looking. Her brothers have jobs at the mines. She has one too. She is the housemaid to countless miners, cleans up their cabins, the offices of the mining companies, she scrubs floors, does the washing, and when she is through at Goldfields, she boards a plane, her broom, scrub-brush, mop and pail as her baggage. At nearby mining camps she cleans up, then returns to Goldfields. And May Rice is well paid for her housemaid's work, not like her sisters in the south, for she is the only housemaid for hundreds of miles around, and flying costs money in a district where gasoline is 1 dollar a gallon.

At one northern Canadian mining camp a housewife objected to paying 16 dollars for a bag of flour, 10 dollars for a bag of potatoes, 50 cents a lb. for sugar. "But it had to be freighted 150 miles by canoe," the storekeeper explained. And perhaps the good housewife also was not exactly pleased to wear overalls, moccasins, and an old cap. Her husband was getting good pay at the mine, but prices were too high in the store.

That was three years ago. To-day the gold mine is producing, there are more families at this northern camp, and the irate housewife is the community's storekeeper and postmistress. Her goods come in by plane. She gets three times a week service. Flour is now 4 dollars 80 cents a bag, potatoes 3 dollars a bag, and sugar 15 cents per lb.

There's Cameron Bay. Five years ago it was unknown, except to a few prospectors, to a few mining men, who knew where to find it on the shore of Great Bear Lake on the Arctic Circle. To-day bridge games are part of the social life, visitors drop in regularly all summer by airplane, from far to the south or neighbouring camps, there are restaurants, stores, a bank, a church, an entire community. Here lives Mrs. T. O. Byrne, wife of the doctor to the community. She is a nurse, graduate of a Toronto hospital. Here Mrs. Harold Reed runs the Lake Shore Inn. She hails from Spokane, Washington. She has one or more waitresses, usually sisters of boys who work at neighbouring mines. Here also a public stenographer has hung out her shingle, and is kept busy by mining men whose offices are from 1,000 to 3,000 miles distant in eastern Canada.

They live in log-cabins at Cameron

On right—THIS INN ON THE SHORES OF GREAT BEAR LAKE, on the Arctic Circle, is run by Mrs. Harold Reed, who hails from Spokane, Washington State. She is kept busy catering for the travellers who come by plane to the region, which is so rich in natural resources

PRIDE OF ACHIEVEMENT: This girl lives at Cameron Bay and fishes regularly in the waters of Great Bear Lake which abounds in trout. She is pictured here with a specimen of about average size

Bay. They have no coal; they burn wood, of which there is plenty. They grow fresh vegetables, but bring in fresh milk, butter, eggs, grapefruit, and strawberries from the nearest city, Edmonton, 1,000 miles distant, by air. The winter lasts till the end of June. It starts again early in October or late in September. But the summer days are twenty hours of sunlight. The ladies go shopping—not daily to be sure—but frequently flying to Edmonton. You'll find the latest fashions worn on the shores of Great Bear Lake.

Mrs. Byrne is the first white mother of the Great Bear Lake region. Last summer she presented Cameron Bay with its first white baby. When she is not busy attending to its wants, there are the babies of Indians to attend, there are miners who are badly injured at nearby mines to help.

A MINING CAMP HOME IN THE NORTHERN BUSH, typical of many where white women are keeping house for their husbands

Mrs. Reed is kept busy with the constant traffic which drops in from the sky daily during the summer, not as frequently during the winter. There are miners, prospectors, trappers, radio operators, Indians, Mounties, and just visitors. On the annual prospectors' field day in August as many as 400 visitors call at Cameron Bay from nearby mines, from trap lines or mining claims a hundred or more miles from Edmonton.

Mrs. W. H. McDougall knows her north country. She was born at Hay River on Great Slave Lake in the North West Territories. She came to Cameron Bay to be the community's dressmaker, when she is not attending her four youngsters. To her comfortable log cabin come the Great Bear Lake residents, to have their mending done or their custom tailored clothes made.

Is it adventure and romance which sends these women to the last outposts of the continent? Perhaps a little, but also a resurgence of that pioneering instinct which the women who first settled the continent showed. That must be the principal reason why young women brought up on to-day's urban luxuries leave the comforts of a modern home, the social life of modern cities, to help conquer an unknown region of rock, forest, and water, where fabulous mineral riches are now known to be waiting finding and development.

From a pilot's log comes this tale of a northern mother. The pilot had landed at Dore Lake, northern Saskatchewan, a fishing camp. While waiting for a load of fish he heard there was a sick baby in camp. The mother was doing all she could for the child. There was no doctor. Medicine was only of the first aid type. The child needed hospital care. The pilot offered to fly her to Prince Albert, nearest city, 115 miles distant. She accepted the offer, but insisted on paying for the flight out of her husband's next winter's fishing operations.

PIONEER DAYS ARE BACK AGAIN: Building a log cabin for an engineer and his wife; a one-roomed dwelling differing hardly at all from those erected at the time of the great Alaska gold rush in '98

UNIQUE: Mrs. T. O. Byrne (centre), wife of the local practi at Cameron Bay. She is the first white woman

DE CANADA'S ARCTIC

the Far Northern Mining Camps

On left—A HOME IN THE WILDS: A cabin on the shores of Great Bear Lake belonging to an engineer and his wife. The furnishings strongly evidence the deft feminine touch

There was a time not so long ago when the number of white women in the far north could be counted on the fingers of both hands. But to-day that has changed. Even the rules of the Mounted Police have relaxed to some extent, and officers of some years' standing can marry and take their wives to their northern stations. At mining camps, once for men only, there are the wives of engineers, miners, etc.

To-day the hardships of travel are not so great as in the past, for airplanes have eased the way. To-day's white women have seldom to take a long dog team trip as did Mrs. W. H. B. Hoare, wife of a former missionary, now a Government official. It was on her last trip out some years ago. The family wanted to come out from Aklavik before the boats started running, and so in mid-winter they started, alone, with a month's provisions on their sled, and their two youngsters bundled up in furs on top of the load.

They travelled at night to let the children sleep, and since it was dark most of the twenty-four hours they got along. At one time while crossing some ice hummocks the two Aklavik-born babies tumbled off from their lofty perch. But they were hardened youngsters, they soon fell asleep again.

Striking inland from the river to shelter as much in the woods from the off-shore winds, they became lost. In addition a snowstorm started, and they had to make camp. Awkwardly they built a snow shelter, and there they remained for two days while the storm became a blizzard, then died down. Then they hit for the river again, found a trapper's cabin, and there a police search patrol located them. They waited for better weather before continuing, and finished up their trip by canoe.

NURSE J. D. SOPER spent a number of years at Lake Harbour, Baffin Island, while her husband trudged the interior engaged on his work as a Government scientist. When there a son was born to her

WIVES IN EXILE: Mrs. A. G. Hattie, wife of the mine manager; Mrs. E. Brown, wife of the mill superintendent; and Mrs. H. M. Finlay, wife of the accountant, at the Pickle Crow Gold Mine in Northern Ontario. Two or three times every year they go by plane to visit their husbands

The Grey Nuns who have been in the northland a good many years as teachers to the Indians and Eskimos have had their share of hardships. One group in the Mackenzie River district went out one day to help take in the winter's fish supply. There were some priests and Indian children in the boat. The party pulled in one netful of fish after another. It is all part of the day's work.

They started for home, and noticed ice forming on the water near shore. Winters come suddenly some years. They sailed on, hoping to get through to their mission building before the ice became thicker. They had not gone much farther when they were stuck. Ice formed all about their sailboat. There was nothing to do but sit and wait for the ice to get hard enough to walk on. It did next day, hard enough to get to shore. There they waited with very little fire and no food but fish for four days. By then the ice was hard enough for walking. So they walked to their mission home.

Late last winter there was a fire at Aklavik. There are no fire engines in this community 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. There was no water, except for drinking, since all the streams, lakes, and rivers were frozen solid. There was nothing to do but let the fire take its course, stop it from spreading to other buildings. Next morning Bishop of the Arctic A. L. Fleming, in distant Toronto, received a radio message. The hospital at Aklavik had burned down during the night.

Three young nurses sleeping in the hospital awakened to find their home afire, their patients in danger. Nurses M. A. Solomon, Ruth Hamilton, and Helen Hutcheson dressed quickly that night. One ran for the doctor in a nearby house and for the Mountie police station. The others as rapidly as possible, while the thermometer hovered around 40 degs. below zero, bundled up the Eskimo and Indian patients, then literally dragged them out of the burning building. Among them, those three nurses saved the natives, then attended them in their temporary quarters in the homes of fur traders, army radio men, and the police station, scattered on the shore of that Arctic community. Planes took nurses Solomon and Hamilton for a rest in southern civilisation. Nurse Hutcheson remained, and in temporary quarters is assisting Dr. J. A. Urquhart, till a new hospital is built.

DWELLERS AMID THE ETERNAL SNOWS: The Rev. C. L. W. Bailey and his wife—a courageous missionary couple who have made the Arctic their home. They live on Baffin Island

Not all women stick it out up in the northern bush. To some the loneliness is too intense, the lack of company too much a hardship. But those who do stick, and they are in the majority it is interesting to note, can't get back fast enough when they come out from "down north." One girl after mushing for 200 miles by dog team with only an Indian guide and a fur company messenger, only wanted a month outside. She had her Indian school children to go back to, she said. Another, after a year in Labrador, found civilisation pall before she had even reached Montreal. She went north to an Indian school.

Nor do these women who stay in the north country lose their femininity. They like their gossip, they like to fuss over their meals, and have a fuss made over their children. And while they have not the "keeping up with the Jones" complex to contend with, they like to make their home homey, with bridge cloths on the bridge table, bedspreads on the beds, frills on the window curtains, and a flower garden outside.

James Montagnes

THE FLEET'S IN: Flying boats drawn up on the shore at Cameron Bay, Great Bear Lake, ready to go southwards with the next consignment of pitchblende, where the ore is processed and radium is extracted. Aeroplanes provide the only rapid means of communication between northern and southern Canada and are playing a vital part in the development of the mineral areas

TROUBLE AHEAD: Travelling Bedouins witness the first signs of the simoon, the violent sandstorm so much to be feared by all who venture forth into the Sahara

SAHARA CROSSING

An Account of the Perils that beset the Motorist in this Torrid Waste, where Landmarks are Easily Lost and there are Mental as well as Physical Hazards to be Overcome

By A. E. FILBY

Mr. A. E. Filby has crossed the Sahara three times and is now engaged on a fourth journey, which will take him as far south as Johannesburg. In his travels he has naturally gained a wide knowledge of the desert, the season for crossing which begins in September and terminates in April, when the French Government close their travelling facilities.

THE immense Sahara Desert, which extends from the Atlas Mountains to the Niger basin and from the Atlantic to the Nile, covers with the Libyan desert 3,500,000 square miles.

Its surface varies excessively, being in some places below sea level and at others 8,000 ft. above it. It contains besides sand dunes and isolated oases, huge barren mountain plateaus and vast areas of broken rocks, and pebbles. In its centre the vast Hoggar mountains alone cover an area greater than that of the Alpine system. Not long ago an Englishman and Englishwoman and six Frenchmen in two parties, crossing on different routes, were added to the long roll of victims claimed by a lingering death in these torrid wastes.

To those who have no experience of desert conditions it must be difficult to understand how death overcomes members of an expedition when they are within a comparatively short distance of safety.

There is a mental hazard that is far greater than the ordinary physical dangers; the vast unmoving wastes give no point on which to fix the mind or maintain a direction.

A peculiar sand dune may be picked out as the next objective and may perhaps be kept in view from the seat of the car whose homely throbbing and comparatively fast movement will keep the mind from wandering.

What a difference when a breakdown occurs and an attempt is made to reach safety on foot, if in undulating country the car (which has probably been one's home for some considerable time; and, is, one feels the only connection with the civilised world) is left behind. Within a few hundred yards it is lost to sight, or if on the vast level stretches it gradually dwindles to a shimmering speck on the horizon, and a deathly silence is only broken by the sound of soft footfalls.

Perhaps having turned to get your last look at the car, or to check your bearings, you find that from your advanced position there are several landmarks identical with the one you picked out, while many of the wind-swept levels give the impression of mosaic work, so regularly are the pebbles packed by the wind, and which leave no footprints. At first one perspires freely, and probably the topee is lifted to wipe away the sweat which runs down into the eyes,; this action gives the sun short periods in which to start its deadly work of sun stroke.

During the past four years I have crossed the desert three times always on different routes, and the following incidents among many have been object lessons in the sinister influences to be felt there.

Shortly before Abu Hamed I made a detour to cross a soft waddy, or dry river-bed. One of the accompanying motor-cyclists attempted to go straight across (a distance of not more than 300 yards). On returning to the spot where he should have crossed there was no sign of him, although the whole area was apparently under view.

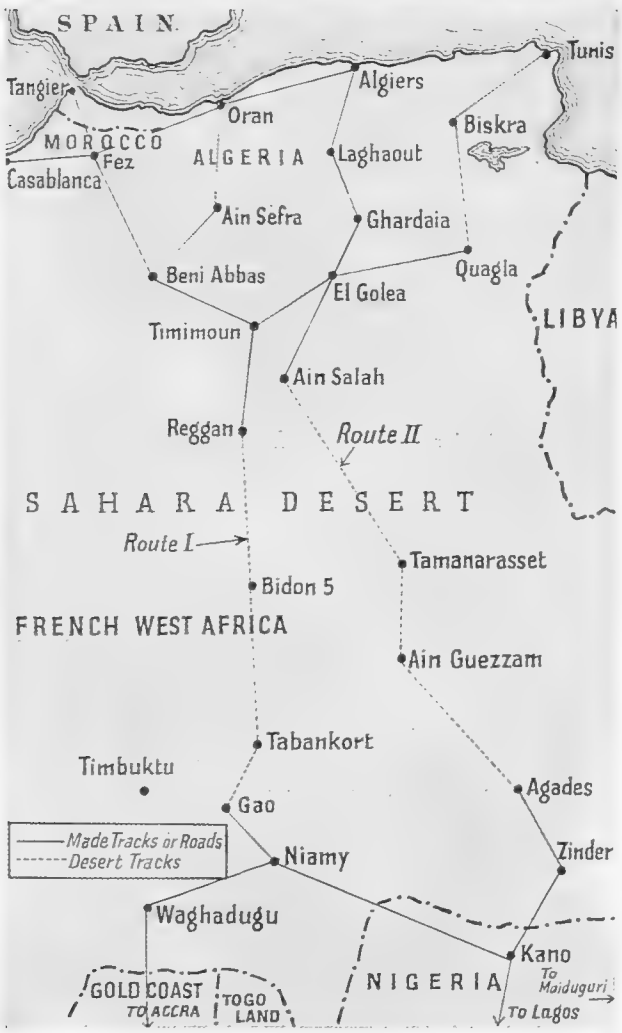
Erecting a long flag-pole on the car and leaving one of our number in charge, with instructions to sound the horn if he lost sight of any of the members of the search-party for any length of time, we searched until we found our man absolutely prostrate with the sun and heat; he was already unconscious, and, if he had been on his own, the hollow he had scraped would have become his grave.

His machine had stuck in a small hollow and he had attempted to dig it out, with the result that as soon as he had cleared a wheel the weight of the side-car had pulled it into the hole, until they were both hidden. He was in a bad condition owing to his exertion and the flying powdery sand, while he had drained his small water bottle; this from one of the steadiest of our party showed what even a short time alone would do to one's nerves. He told me afterwards that he thought that we had gone on and would think he was in front. The nerves of the party were on edge, and it was decided to make a direct line for the Nile, which however, kept us guessing until the last moment, as it remained out of sight until we were within 300 yards of the bank.

On another occasion one of the machines instead of following in line, went the other side of a large sand dune and was soon lost in the undulations. In this case it was some hours before we were able to find the badly scared truant, who had fortunately the sense to remain still, in the shade of his machine; we had heard faint calls but it was impossible to locate the direction, while his tracks were impossible to follow over the stone covered surface.

On the more westerly route it was noticeable how the cars were stopped at night within a few yards of each other, and conversation would be kept up on any subject not connected with the desert until darkness and the bitter cold drove every one to bed. Not even the movement of an ant or the buzz of an insect broke the silence

(Continued on page 396)



TRANS-DESERT ROUTES: A sketch map showing two ways across the Sahara from north to south which Mr. Filby, author of the accompanying article, has found to be fairly satisfactory. The notes below give an indication of conditions likely to be encountered on the various stretches of the journey

ROUTE I

There are many alternatives from all the North African coastal towns to Timimoun, but all the routes are good. Thereafter conditions are as follows. Timimoun, 360 m. to Reggan. Very rough and stony, sharp descents, desert conditions; 327 m. to Bidon 5. First six miles very bad cotton soil, encroaching sand dunes then firm sand; 402 m. to Tabankort. Hard level sand for over 100 miles then soft patches which get larger and are bad in places, followed by badly tufted country; 140 m. to Gao. Bad; 299 m. to Niamy. Good through Chiffa Gorges and over Col des Caravannes; 400 m. to El Golea. Bad corrugated road, passing through barren desert country with occasional steep climbs, encroaching sand dunes and loose stones; 320 m. to Ain Salah. The route improves but there are many encroaching sand dunes. 492 m. to Tamanrasset. Continual change from sand to boulders. Rocky mountainous country in the Hoggar Massif; 241 m. to Ain Guezzam. Very bad, sand, broken stone, and dry river beds, converging rocky hills, desert conditions; 313 m. to Agades. Easy sand slopes to begin with, but returning to rocky outcrops, bad stone covered loose sand; 325 m. to Zinder. Good until escarpment is reached, then sandy scrub country with very soft sand; 137 m. to Kano. Good.

ROUTE II

Algiers, 273 m. to Laghaout. Mostly tarmac roads,

SCRUB COUNTRY: A motorist camped in a particularly forbidding stretch of the southern Sahara

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THRILL FOR HOLIDAYMAKERS: The Southern Railway pleasure steamer, *Southsea*, being towed by the company's vessel, *Sandown*, after developing paddle trouble on a trip round the Isle of Wight. Although the passengers were not in any real danger, they were later transferred to the *Sandown*

IT MUST HAVE BEEN MONDAY: Washing laid out to dry on the island at St. Ives, where many people have been in camp during the recent spell of fine weather, some under canvas, others in caravans

IN LIGHTER MOOD

Pictures from Seaside and Countryside

ORNITHOLOGICAL PROBLEM: Some of the young storks who last June were conveyed by air from Germany and reared in a new home in Kent; an experiment organised by the Haslemere Educational Museum and the Bird Watching Station at Rossitten in East Prussia, with a view to shedding further light on the migratory habits of these birds. The storks have already started their expected migration to Africa, and, as they bear identification rings, it is hoped to discover what route they take outwards and what route homewards when they are due to return for nesting. The question of whether they will come back to Germany or England also remains to be answered

QUEEN WILLOW! A player snicks the ball in the direction of point during the match between Miss Ball's XI and Miss Turner's XI held on Lord Somers' ground at Eastbury in connection with Colwall Women's Cricket Week. The wicket-keeper evidently does not favour the Duckworth crouch

SHAKESPEARIAN COMEDY IN REGENT'S PARK: The Princess of France (Phyllis Neilson-Terry) with her attendants *(left)*, and *(right)* with the King of Navarre (Gyles Isham) in *Love's Labour's Lost* which was recently presented at the Open Air Theatre, the first performance being held in ideal weather

STAGE AND SCREEN

Sydney Carroll Once Again Shows His Pluck by Producing a Neglected Shakespeare Play: Non-stop at the Prince of Wales's

By PHILIP PAGE

TO produce Shakespeare in the open air requires a deal of pluck, and I was glad to see Mr. Sydney Carroll's stock of that commodity rewarded last week by a spell of fine weather. To produce *Love's Labour's Lost* in or out of doors in any circumstances requires something like heroism of the super-man order.

From time to time a wail arises because of the "neglect" of this play. Now theatrical managers do all sorts of unaccountable things. But they do not deliberately neglect a play the public is likely to flock to see, particularly when the author has been dead for centuries and they have no fees to pay. It is not due to any whimsical puckishness that some plays of Shakespeare are constantly performed while others remain on the shelf year after year. *Love's Labour's Lost* is perhaps the "shelfiest" of the shelf group, for the very good reason that it is an extremely poor play.

A learned colleague, skilled and deeply read in such matters, tells me that the Baconians "eagerly claim it." To which I reply that, as the late Sam Lewis said of Rome, they "can 'ave it."

None the less, I remain grateful to Mr. Carroll and a journey to Regent's Park was not a labour wholly lost. The evening was beautifully fine and warm; the deck-chair comfortable; and my cigar a good one. The aeroplanes did not obtrude themselves, for some reason, as they have done recently. Most of the stage pictures were lovely to look upon and so were the costumes. And the whole entertainment concluded with a delicious little ballet to some of Grieg's music. This, of course, had nothing whatever to do with Shakespeare, but it was a vastly welcome intruder.

However, to return to the play, which in this case is, I venture to think, very much not the thing. It contains some (though not enough) fine poetry, which would indicate that if Shakespeare did not write *Love's Labour's Lost* he certainly had a hand in revising it. For the rest, it is an adroit piece of artificiality based on the slightest and silliest of plots. The greater part of it is occupied with rhymed couplets, in which members of the sets of lovers seek to get the better of each other in verbal nimbleness. This may have passed for wit at the time it was written; it may even have been considered genuine wit by Shakespearian audiences. For fashions in wit change in thirty years, let alone in three centuries; a man who makes a Victorian pun to-day risks lynching. But this would-be light-hearted word-romping I found decidedly heavy going when I re-read *Love's Labour's Lost* the moment Mr. Carroll announced its revival.

In Regent's Park, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Gyles Isham (Ferdinand), Mr. John Wyse (Bison), Mr. Baliol Holloway (Don Adriano), Miss Phyllis Neilson Terry (Princess) and Mr. Leslie French, who had a brilliant and desperate struggle as Costard the Clown, the words were—just words, and seemed as near as no matter, meaningless. I doubt whether such little fun as there may be would have "got over" in a theatre. In the open-air it vanished, or rather, did not start to be at all.

The merry laughter of the players suggested only that, like the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, they were easily amused.

"Beauté de Femmes." — The Prince of Wales's Theatre has for some time been established as a pleasant enough replica of New York's 42nd Street. Its present policy of non-stop revue—2 p.m.–11.30 p.m. whatever the thermometer says—may be a strain on the cast but it is, I have no doubt, a relaxation for the tired business man.

The occupants of the stalls, almost exclusively male, did not on the night of my visit look either tired or business-like. But it was evident that a good time was being had by all, for *Beauté de Femmes* is a revue which fulfils its purpose admirably. One of its purposes is manifestly the display of as much of the female form as is legal. That is less of a novelty than it used to be—at any rate for those familiar with our beaches and bathing pools in this holiday season.

DRAMA OF THE SHOW BUSINESS: William Powell as the great Florenz Ziegfeld, one of the outstanding personalities of the American theatre in this century; Frank Morgan as his rival, Billings; and Nat Pendleton as Eugen Sandow (the German strong man and wrestler) in a scene from the new film, *The Great Ziegfeld*, which began its run at His Majesty's Theatre on September 1

But there are other assets. A young conjurer named Erikson, for instance, who is blessed with exceptional skill and the most beautiful pair of hands I have ever seen on any man. With them he did some amazing card manipulation etc., wearing the while an expression of drunken imbecility and a coat with tails of exceptional length.

Then there is Mr. Gillie Potter, whom I admire profoundly, not the least reason being that he refuses to abandon that streak of academic humour, in spite of the fact that probably not more than 10 per cent. of his audience appreciated what he was driving at. But Mr. Potter has other moods, and his appeal was irresistible when he discoursed, as a judge of the High Court, on the legality of selling a toffee apple after hours.

There is also Miss Retta Ray, who dances better than she sings. Miss Ray's speciality is tap-dancing, and she tap-danced her way all through the overture to *Poet and Peasant*. For a description of that quaint feat I must borrow Dr. Johnson's analogy when asked his opinion of a woman preaching: "Sir, it is like a dog that walks on its hind legs, the wonder being not that it should be done well, but that it should be done at all."

"Spread It Abroad."—Revue of sterner and more ambitious stuff is *Spread It Abroad* at the Saville. This has gone into a second edition of sorts to celebrate the arrival of Miss Madge Elliott and Mr. Cyril Ritchard, *vice* Miss Dorothy Dickson, who left for another engagement.

Miss Elliott and Mr. Ritchard are a popular couple, well known in London revues, etc., a few years ago, who have recently been in their native Australia. They dance and they sing, and they do more than efficiently all that is required of them. Mr. Ritchard's topical song might have had more point about it, and it should have been altogether snappier; but that is not his fault—unless he wrote it. Mr. Nelson Keys, whether as an Italian tenor, or a headmaster (ancient or modern), or as one of the actors he imitates so perfectly, or just as Mr. Nelson Keys continues in marvellous form, and the same may be said of Miss Ivy St. Helier.

And I still think that one of the best moments in the revue is the song, "Dirty Songs," (scarifying satire on cabaret singers of the now fashionable scatological type), sung extremely well by Mr. Lyle Evans, who has a fine resonant voice and a pleasant sense of humour, and should be given more to do.

"Mary of Scotland" (Film).—The trouble about Hollywood historical films, of which *Mary of Scotland* at the Empire is a fair sample is, as far as I am concerned, that though usually full of good entertainment, they rob me of the pleasure of appreciating "Beachcomber's" glorious creation, Mr. Sol Hogwasch. Because when films are produced on precisely the lines Mr. Hogwasch describes and devises, the burlesque evaporates.

This film is indeed a colossal business. It lasts over two hours,

(*Continued on page* 396)

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AS FILM HEROINE

Miss Hepburn in an Entertaining but Not Strictly Accurate Historical Drama

FLIGHT OF FANCY: Although it is definitely established that no meeting ever took place between Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, though they carried on a bitter feud for years, fact is sacrificed to dramatic interest in the new Hollywood film *Mary of Scotland* which recently began its run in London. Here we see the two sovereigns face to face, Florence Eldridge taking the part of the Virgin Queen and Katharine Hepburn that of her Scottish rival

THE TRAGIC QUEEN: A close up of Miss Hepburn as Mary Stuart, the most exacting and ambitious role this American actress has yet attempted, calling to the full on her undoubted emotional powers

GOING TO HER DOOM: Mary Queen of Scots mounting the scaffold at Fotheringay after Elizabeth had unwillingly sealed her death warrant. Another dramatic scene from the film which in this respect is not strictly accurate, as the execution took place in the great hall of the castle. The producers point out, however, that the picture is designed first and foremost to give colourful entertainment, not to provide students with an animated page of history

MARY AND KNOX MEET: The Catholic Queen and the Protestant reformer who did so much to undermine her prestige among the people and denounced her from the pulpit of St. Giles's. The latter part is effectively played by Moroni Olsen, whose make-up corresponds accurately to existing portraits of the great churchman

A CENTRAL FIGURE: Rizzio (John Carradine) and the Queen whose friendship he won, thus earning the hatred of the nobles and the jealousy of Darnley. His last moments, when he is dragged from the royal presence to be murdered, are full of drama

FREDRIC MARCH AS A SHAVEN EARL OF BOTHWELL: He became the Queen's husband after Darnley had been put to death, and his association with Mary is represented in the film in the most romantic light possible

FORCED BY THE NOBLES OF THE COURT INTO A LOVELESS MARRIAGE with the cowardly and treacherous Lord Darnley, the married life of the Queen is turbulent from the beginning. Darnley never received royal status in Scotland and quarrelled with Mary's advisers. The Queen is here seen with her luckless young husband, a part played convincingly by Douglas Walton

England and the Defence of Ireland

Is the Subject of this Second Article from the Free State

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"AFTER the removal of the Governor-General, the defence monopoly of the British Navy, together with certain facilities for coastal defence and oil fuel, will be the sole remaining fetter on the sovereignty of the Saorstat."

So Mr. de Valera, although the foregoing may be no exact quotation. Enough, that it is what he has in mind. I remember the night he did me the honour of a long hour's private talk in his room in the Dail, how taken by surprise I was by his attitude towards these amphibious garrisons on Spike Island in Cork Harbour, at Berehaven in Bantry Bay, and in Lough Swilly. That was two years ago, and the special import of the matter had not until then fully occurred.

From now on such importance should only mount. For does not the "G.G." fade out next month? And will not the path then be clear for the President to move towards the last of his objectives in the unfettering of a nation according to his lights? There is even common expectation as to how he will proceed—by writing into the approaching new Constitution the illegality of the presence of "foreign garrisons" on Irish soil or in Irish waters. The awaited article may indeed have unattractive repercussions for the personnel and strength of these officially-designated "maintenance parties" in that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that all ranks may in future see their indulgence of sport and social relaxation ashore—without which their jobs would at once assume the greyest complexion—considerably curtailed. Ways and means of achieving this without Dublin having to decree anything disagreeably hard and fast are said to be under review.

Of the three survivors, Spike is far the major affair, being linked to a fort on either side, on the mainland, and counting a mixed garrison of Gunners, Engineers, Naval and Air Force parties, certain specialist branches, Ordnance, and the Supply Services. Several hundred are connected with Spike, one way or the other, including wives and families, and all are able to move (in mufti, of course) in a quite friendly atmosphere ashore, where the huntin', golfin', fishin', shootin', yachtin', and so forth constitute one sustained boon. What life might be without them, cramped on that Island, affords no pleasant contemplation.

Bantry and Swilly are naval affairs, chiefly for the protection of oil depots locally. Two destroyers are allotted to each, monthly from Sheerness, although I believe there is also a certain amount of interchanging with the vessel at Spike, the monotony of Bantry and Swilly being in the winter pretty grim. At other times of year, the Killarney country beckons Berehaven's shore parties, as does the Londonderry country their Swilly opposite numbers. Even this Derry release might be jeopardised, as several miles of Free State territory have to be crossed, from the waters of the Lough, before Ulster is attained.

It may be instructive to cast back to the origin of these outposts round which may soon ripple, not only the subject of the defence of Ireland—but also—wider ripples—of general Commonwealth protective cooperation; it being in the last degree unlikely that next June's Imperial Conference in London, to which a domestically victorious Mr. de Valera will certainly send delegates, should devolve without the issue of the "foreign garrisons" being raised. Given the gathered company, fresh from the first Statute of Westminster Coronation in history, it were far better that the issue should be so raised in the presence of leading statesmen representing so many millions of those Irish who live overseas, yet of whose existence Mr. de Valera became sympathetically vocal for the first time, only a few months ago. No doubt the President's mouthpieces will wax eloquent in elucidation of "external association" with the Commonwealth; it is on the cards that they will hear as much from the reverse side of the medal.

Draft Treaty A, of 1921, originally sought the perpetual neutrality of Ireland under Commonwealth guarantee, but that project fell through, with the sequel that this substitute Article was agreed upon and duly signed: "Until further arrangements are made, Imperial Forces are to undertake the sea defence of Ireland. In time of peace Ireland is to afford the Imperial Forces certain facilities, and in time of war or strained relations with a foreign power such facilities as the British Government may require."

A complementary Article stipulated that the Free State army might not exceed a ratio to the civil population proportionate to the ratio of the British (home) army to *its* civil population. The latest list of the young F.S. army shows 5,900 regular Fieldgreys, 5,800 trained Reserve, and 18,500 Volunteers. Whatever the actual figures Mr. de Valera can expand as he likes on land, also on sea and in the air, and build his own munitions plant (as he is doing), and from across St. George's Channel—or the Irish Sea — will come ne'er a word calling him to accountancy.

In the grisly Europe about us, there cannot be a shred of doubt under which tree, Bolshevik, Fascist, or Free Nation, the Irish people as a whole would elect to stand. Mr. de Valera himself confounded the foreigner by backing Mr. Eden at Geneva, nor is it the less to his credit that in so doing he was setting himself up as critic of the country of the Pope.

One would think therefore that repelled by the same abuses, beset by the same perils, resolved to uphold the same ideals, such geographically linked ones as England and Ireland would be displaying nothing more than the lowliest intelligence in coming together over the matter of procuring a mutually protective shield.

One would think . . .

What is the reality? Shorn of all trimmings it is that Mr. de Valera, returning (as he will) triumphant from the polls, intends to pursue a policy of pressure upon what he deems will be an increasingly weak and exposed England. Rather is such policy already getting under way. The Vice-President, Mr. O'Kelly, may be said to have inaugurated it when he told peasants in Donegal: "England made partition. It is up to us to prove to her that it is to her disadvantage, and I personally would welcome the opportunity of showing her that it is so."

General O'Duffy, of the Blue Shirt Fascists, has delivered himself of not noticeably different sentiments, while there are clearly others in Southern Ireland—Connoly Communists and suppressed I.R.A., to instance two—who would not require much persuasion to join in against England however much they might be agin the Dublin Government. In fact this country would be doping itself in imagining that all and any talk of an Irish majority being among the King's enemies during another catastrophe appertains to the popular "unthinkable" variety of political soothsaying. Mr. Harold Nicolson recently wrote in the course of a book review: "We must face the fact that although individually the Irish may prefer the Englishman to other foreigners they are being educated to loathe England from the depths of their souls." That may be going it some, yet if anyone finds sustenance in the fact of the *Cosgrave* candidate at Galway having sought at the last moment to increase his poll by calling for a combination of all parties against "the ancient enemy, England," he is at liberty to do so.

There may be a deal of electioneering in this resuscitation of the national black beast.

"*Oh, the grand days they are over*
When the boys were on their keeping
And the trouble touched the souls of us
With purifying flame,
And the quiet lads and lasses
Felt undreamt-of pulses leaping
At the passing of a shadow
Or the whisper of a name."

BLESSING TROOPS AFTER OPEN-AIR MASS: The Rev. Father Casey pronouncing the benediction at Portobello Barracks, Dublin

Yes, the grand days are over and missed, and it may be psychologically advantageous for Saorstat politicians to dangle the prospect of more trouble with England ahead, but they must not be surprised if one effect should be to harden others in their determination not finally to hand over vital havens whence in the past thrusts were incubated against the neighbouring isle.

General Hoche is more easily to be found, if wanted, on the Continent of the 1930s than he was even in the 1790s.

A remark which, I know, would cause Mr. de Valera impatiently to brush things aside in a sort of "no, that isn't it at all!"

"Ireland is ready to defend her coast so that no foreign country shall ever use her for the base of an attack against England."

But, adds the President, the condition of this is the removal of those garrisons or "defence servitudes."

Now, we know one ideal: that the very marked and largely imported minority, Protestant Ulster, should make the sacrifice for the King and Flag to which it proclaims such unswerving loyalty, that it should seek to enhance the strength of both by throwing in its lot with a United Ireland Republic bound in advance by the very closest ties of all kinds with the United Kingdom (and no man would keep his word more scrupulously than Mr. de Valera), ties going to the length of Irish airmen stationed in England and vice versa, a matter, incidentally, of high strategical interest as Ireland steadily emerges geographically as a country, in the air sense, of the first consequence—witness her being situated 300 miles farther from Berlin and places, than is London.

And we know a second ideal indubitably shared by the greatest number of Irish-born throughout the world; that Ulster and the Free State should unite in a free-as-the-free Dominion beside Canada and Australia and the rest. But as each of these ideals—the only two that can survive—seems to be still thoroughly below the horizon, it behoves to observe matters defensive from the standpoint of the times close at hand.

In the event of European conflict involving Britain, the Free State could follow one of four paths: (a) join as ally; (b) be neutral; (c) benevolent neutrality; (d) side with the King's enemies.

The first, apart from being implicit in the Treaty, would correspond with the Irish people's own sentiments on the convulsions of the day.

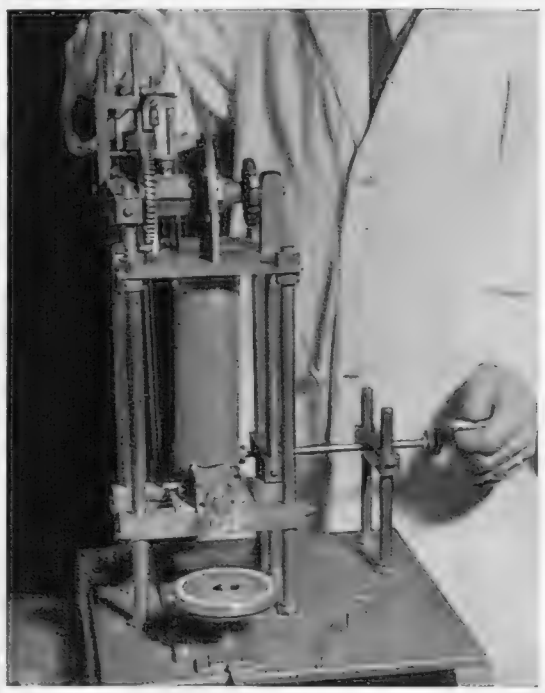
The second, a stand-off if not directly impeding neutrality, could quite conceivably ensue should the "servitude" garrisons be maintained. The

(Continued on page 396)

MEDICINE'S DANGEROUS ALLY

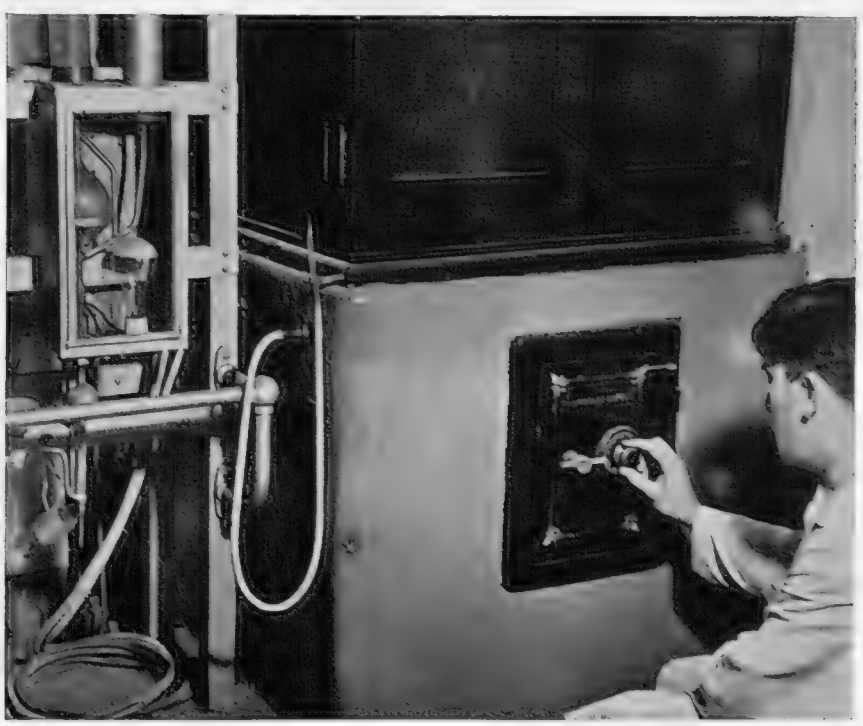
How Radium, Most Precious of Metals, with a Value of £200,000 an ounce, is "Handled" by Doctors and Nurses when Giving Healing Treatment

RAYS THAT CAN KILL AND CURE: Radium, which recently soared to the new high price level of £200,000 an ounce, has to be treated with the utmost circumspection, for those same properties that make it the greatest healing agent the world has ever known are capable of inflicting deadly harm upon the doctors and nurses who apply it to the sick, if care is not taken to avoid over-exposure to the rays. In consequence the precious metal is always kept in strong boxes heavily lined with lead through which no "emanations" can pass, and when it is transported to the hospital wards it is (as depicted on *left*) placed in a specially constructed trolley-container. From this the radium is withdrawn with long forceps, fitted with a hand guard, and the nurse who then prepares it for use works from behind a leaden shield (*right*) her gloved hands projecting through two circular holes. She wears goggles as an additional safeguard



MORE PRECAUTIONS WHEN DEALING WITH THE HEALING METAL: *Left*—This mask, shirt, and apron impregnated with lead are worn by the doctors when applying radium salts. *Centre*—The method employed for transporting small quantities of radium through the wards; the container being attached to a rod so that it can be held well away from the body. *Right*—The machine used for sealing in capillary tubes the radio-active gases emitted by radium when it is dissolved in hydrochloric acid. The tubes, each holding a carefully measured quantity of gas, are placed on the body of a patient; an alternative mode of treatment to that illustrated below on left

CHEST BARED TO THE INVISIBLE RAYS: A patient undergoing treatment by radium salts, 3 grams of which are in the container suspended above him. If large quantities are applied the time required for a cure is short



£40,000 WORTH OF RADIUM dissolved in hydrochloric acid is kept in liquid state in this safe at the New York Memorial Hospital. Only the "emanations" of this are captured and the radium itself loses practically nothing of its original strength

WOODEN SHIPS AND IRON MEN

Stately Clippers of the Age of Sail and Those Who Manned Them

By CAPPY RICKS

THERE have been few works of man around which has settled such a definite halo of affectionate regard as that evoked by the memory of the old-time clipper ship, the stately and intriguing product of America's designers who alone on earth were responsible for the birth of ocean speed.

These magnificent ships — perfect instruments for their purpose to the last detail—for a generation and more carried in their bellying sails the ocean supremacy of the world, and held in their spacious holds the cream of all ocean-borne traffic. They were, of course, of wooden construction, and in themselves they represented the highest peak of the wood-worker's craft ever attained by man. They were not, however, as often erroneously supposed, built of soft wood; instead, all the flyers were built of American oak, often internally bound with iron in an intricate and exceedingly skilful manner, never quite imitated by any other nation's builders. They were, though, lightly built with plenty of "give" in their construction, and it was this elasticity which gave to them their entirely unique and supreme sea-kindliness and rendered them so speedy that no other wind-driven ships in history ever came up to their achievements; no other ships ever built attained 20 knots or over, nor did 400 miles in a day, as did these queenly clippers which in their day captured and held every ocean record.

The first "extreme" clippers were built for the China tea trade—the sea-trade par excellence, but the noble type really arrived at its peak during the Californian gold rush of '49 and the '50s of last century, and the contemporaneous Australian rush in which American-built clippers carried half a million gold-seekers to the land of the Southern Cross, and took to Europe millions of ounces of gold dust and bullion alone.

The first clipper to prove a success was *Coquette*, a small ship of but 420 tons; sailed by that magnificent seaman and skilful navigator, Elridge the elder. She astonished the world by making on her maiden voyage, in 1843-4 the passage from Boston to Hong Kong in ninety-nine days, a performance eclipsing by several days anything previously accomplished. The figure-head of this stately little ship was a sculptured female figure which bore an astonishing resemblance to Elridge's youngest daughter, though perhaps the inference was more real than intended.

A later clipper, *Rainbow*, of 720 tons, the first ship to be given "hollow" bows, made the outward passage, to Canton, in ninety-two days, and returned to Boston in eighty-eight, a most remarkable achievement for so small a vessel. This ship, though, was considered to be too "extreme;" she was early in her career named for a "coffin ship," with a reputation for "losing men overboard when no one was looking." She disappeared with all hands on her fourth voyage, considered to have been sailed right under.

This swift vessel's record was soon beaten; in 1846, Waterman the elder, than whom a finer seaman or more daring navigator never lived, took the new *Sea Witch* from Canton to New York in eighty-one days, and, it was said, never once left the deck of his ship for more than a wash throughout the length of the long passage, such a feat being then unique. In one day this ship reeled off 361 miles (beating *Rainbow's* record of 339), an average of 15 knots (knots meaning "sea miles per hour;" that, and that alone) then easily a record for a day's run. Waterman had, however, two years before this, made the same passage in the full-built *Natchez* in seventy-nine days, but the record was not generally accepted, nor ever quoted; why this should have been so it is difficult at this date to determine, for Waterman was not the man to claim laurels to which he was not entitled—he had no need to, his position was then well assured, though, apparently, not unassailable. It was this remarkable seaman's practice to padlock his chain topsail and topgallant sail sheets, and keep the keys on his person, to ensure that no one but himself could reduce sail; this was "sail carrying" of the first order, and it gives us an index to the man's determined character. Only one other man was ever known to adopt this practice, the indomitable Forbes of *Marco Polo*.

Surprise was another wonderful ship, finest of her day and fastest; she went from New York to San Francisco, 16,000 miles, in ninety-six days, under that prince of ship captains, Dumaresq. On many occasions during the passage she logged 17 knots, the highest ever attained to that date by any ship, sail or steam. Only Dumaresq ever got this speed out of her. With later captains 15 knots was her limit.

IN THE OLD TRADITION: Looking aloft on the *Abraham Rydberg*, one of the finest of Sweden's existing sailing ships

Staghound, a truly noble ship, was the next ship to attain 17 knots, but she was driven to desperation to attain it. Then came the wonderful *Flying Cloud*, well ahead of anything in the world then afloat. Built in 1850 by the Boston shipbuilding wizard, Donald Mackay, she went on her maiden voyage to 'Frisco in eighty-nine days, a record which was never broken. In five successive Californian voyages her average passage was 100 days, when the average ship's passage lay around 140. Her tonnage was 1,783, and she was the loftiest ship of her day.

This noble ship put up many records, some of which still exist; she did 374 miles in a day, and reached 18½ knots on many occasions. In 1858 she covered 1,501 miles in four days, then a very favoured comparison, of 23 hours each (running east and shortening the day), an average of 15·8 knots, a previously unheard-of accomplishment.

The first of the "large" clippers (over 2,000 tons) was the *Oriental*, built in 1849 to be the first ship to take tea from China to London upon the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and she made the passage from the Pagoda Anchorage (Foochow) to the London Docks in ninety-six days, beating the fastest British ship by no less than thirteen days. This beautiful ship was remarkable for her enormous spread of canvas, her very fine under-water lines, and the exceedingly large crew, eighty-nine, that she carried. She was placed in dry dock in London, in order that naval architects might "take-off" the lines of her underwater body.

The flight of clippers during the gold rush amounted to some thousand, all magnificent ships nd the finest fleet the world has ever seen while over 200 were being built annually, for these were stirring times in the sea trade. They were, by far, the largest, and swiftest ships afloat at the time and they were handled and sailed in faultless manner. One of the first was the noted *N. B. Palmer* (intriguing name), which on her maiden voyage crossed the North Pacific, port to port, in twenty-seven days, taking five off the record, doing 396 miles one day, an average of 16½ knots—a splendid exhibition of seamanship and sail-carrying in a region largely given over to head winds.

Swordfish a product of the same Maine yard, beat this passage by a day in 1856, reeling off 6,000 miles on a passage from California to Swatow, a record for the west-bound passage.

In the same year the noble *Sovereign of the Seas*, 2,684 tons and the largest of the Mackay-built clippers, having 109 of a crew and commanded by that superb seaman and implacable sail-carrier, Laughlan Mackay, brother of the builder, attained for the first time in the history of the sea, the phenomenal speed of 20 knots, with 413 for the day's run, an average of 17¹. This stupendous feat, unique in that it was made to the westward in a region given over almost wholly down the aisles of time to westerly winds and mountainous seas, was achieved off Cape Horn when the ship had on board 803 gold seekers all anxious to reach El Dorado; they pulled their weight that day, and the excitement throughout the ship upon putting up such a unique record must have been intense. Once this great ship went from Melbourne to London in sixty-eight days; with half a crew, the remainder being in irons; mutiny had reared its ugly head, but happily, it had been nipped in the bud. The ship at the time had nearly 400,000 ounces of bullion and gold dust on board, and half her crew were the sweepings of the goldfields.

There were many thrilling and resonant names in the great gold fleet; America always gave to her ships the most sonorous names, brine being in the Maine people's blood, also the instinct to navigation—gift of a hundred seamen-ancestors; *Romance of the Seas*, *Phantom of the Sea*, *Witchcraft*, *Winged Racer*, *Contest*, *Witch of the Wave* (an exceedingly lucky ship that throughout her life carried at the bow a sculptured Witch of Salem, with lampblack locks and stovepipe hat, pipe in mouth, and forefingers crossed to bring good luck), *Tornado*, *White Squall*, *Neptune's Car* (God of the Sea demi-issuant from a flaming and spiked chariot for artistry), *Nightingale* (with the human nightingale Jenny Lind at the stem-head), *Pocohontas* (Indian Princess for imagery), *Herald of the Morning*, *Chanticler* (Golden Cock in his triumph both at bow and mainmast truck), all have their high place in the annals of America's golden era of sail.

It was left to an American clipper *Golden Age*, to put up the highest hourly speed known to history, 22 knots (33 miles in an hour and thirty minutes), this is the best run ever made by a ship under canvas. This ship, too, was unlucky in that she never in her career, but eight years, received strong winds over any length of time to show what she really could do. There are indications that even 22 knots was not her maximum, for it is known that when this phenomenal and epochal run was being made, the watch below was left undisturbed in their bunks, a thing unheard of when records were being attacked.

It was the Australian racecourse that witnessed the highest speeds over long distance achieved by the clipper ships, for, whether outward or homeward (around the Horn) bound, there lay 6,000 miles or more of the track in the region of strong fair wind, the roaring forties, and here the wooden clipper by reason of her extreme sea-kindliness was supreme both for comfort and speed.

Special and large ships were built to cope with this gold rush traffic over two or more decades, and the three most successful of all, among a hundred others, *Lightning*, *James Baines*, and *Red Jacket*, were products of Maine yards, built for Baines of Liverpool by the Boston "wizard," Donald Mackay. Before these clippers appeared upon the scene, history had been made by British-built ships, the famous *Marco Polo*, the best and fastest of these. She made two round-the-world voyages in eleven months and ten days, setting a pace for this greatest of all ocean racecourses, some 30,000 miles in length, that was never subsequently beaten. In harbour this ship flaunted a large canvas sign, extending from mast to mast, on which there was displayed the legend "Fastest Ship in the World," and at her main truck she flew the "Cock in his Triumph." This ship, with her record passage of sixty-seven days to Melbourne was the one the Maine clippers had to beat; they had their work cut out for them.

(Continued on page 396)

ANGLER'S PARADISE: SALMON FISHING ON THE WINDING TOWY IN WESTERN WALES

Sir Alfred Stephens, Chairman of the Towy Fishery Board, on a picturesque reach of the river near Nantgaredig, Carmarthenshire

FIGHTING FOR THE LEAD IN THE SMACK RACE AT WEST MERSEA REGATTA

Fishing boats competing in a popular annual event in the estuary of the Blackwater, Essex (Picture by Douglas Went)

CATCHING TUNNY IN NORTH AFRICAN WATERS

Their Wholesale Capture for Commercial Purposes Described and Illustrated

✢

A 462½-lb. Broadbill Sword-fish Brought to Gaff with Rod and Line

Above and on left—WHEN THE NET IS HAULED TOWARDS THE SURFACE, the fishermen lean over the side of the lighter and with great dexterity gaff the tunny and then hurl them into the bottom of the boat behind them. As the work goes on the water changes from its traditional vivid blue to a light crimson. Two pictures taken off the coast of Tunis, not far from Bizerta

A FISHERMAN'S DREAM COME TRUE: Mr. Michael Lerner (right), a noted American angler, with the 462½ lb. broadbill swordfish which he landed on the Nova Scotian coast. This is one of the rare occasions on which a swordfish has been caught with rod and line, and the feat was accomplished in the record time of 72 minutes

WITH the start of the Scarborough Tunny Fishing season, which is a purely sporting event, these pictures taken off the coast of North Africa of tunny being caught for commercial purposes gain an added interest.

Tunny fishing is an important industry in the Mediterranean from about May 1 to the end of June during which period these migratory fish put in an appearance in these waters.

They are caught in immense nets which extend for several hundred yards along the coast from one to two miles from the shore, and which are carefully watched day and night so long as the season lasts.

The nets can be divided up into various sections so that once the fish are seen to enter the net the entrance is closed and they have to swim farther along the net only to have their way blocked in the rear every 50 yards or so until eventually they find themselves in the final section of the net locally known as "the Death Chamber."

The fishermen on watch then open up the sections they had closed down, and the net is ready for further fish to make their entrance.

This process goes on for four or five days and then the net is hauled, all the fish by now being in the final section or chamber.

About 100 men are employed to haul the net, and this is done from lighters arranged in the form of a parallelogram which, by the time they reach the "death chamber" occupies a space about the size of a lawn tennis court, with one lighter across each base line and several lighters down the sides, one end and both sides being manned by men hauling on the net.

When those on the sidelines have hauled in sufficiently they walk along their lighters, some to join the men hauling on the one at the base line; others to the opposite lighter.

These latter arm themselves with short and immensely powerful gaffs and lean over the side of the lighter ready for the fish which are gradually being brought nearer to them.

The net being hauled from the opposite end the lighter on which the men are hauling gets closer and closer to the lighter opposite until there is not more than a few yards between them.

It is now that one realizes why this section of the net is called the "death chamber" as the fish are gaffed and hauled over the side to drop on the floorboards of the lighter where after a few spasmodic kicks they lie prone.

On right—END OF A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE: Part of a catch of 110 tunny ranging in weight from 30 lb. to 475 lb. and obtained during five days' work in the Mediterranean, near Bizerta

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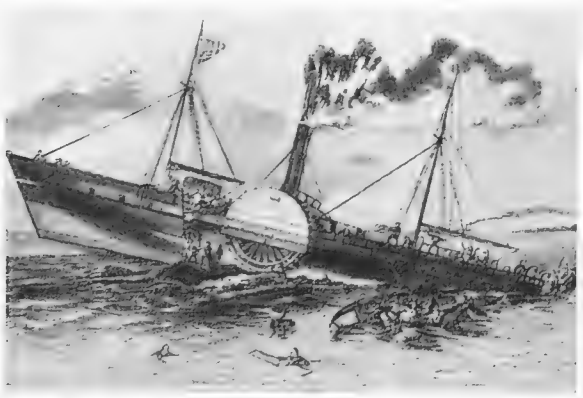
THE NEW EDWARD VIII POSTAGE STAMPS, of the same size and the same colour as the previous issue, which in the ½d., 1½d., and 2½d. denominations were on sale for the first time last Tuesday, and from now onwards will be supplied only if specially asked for until the existing George V stocks are exhausted. The dominating feature of the new stamps is simplicity, the Royal effigy, photographic in quality, being displayed on a shaded background, the tone of which deepens towards the left. It is understood that the question of the permanency of the issue depends entirely upon public opinion

PREPARING TO MEET THE DEMAND: The first batches of Edward VIII stamps being sorted at Somerset House before distribution throughout the country. They have been printed on rotary presses by the same photogravure process as has been employed by the G.P.O. since 1934

PHILATELIC BOOM: Coping with the rush to buy the new stamps in Fleet Street at one of London's three all-night post offices which was besieged by collectors and others in the early hours of Tuesday morning. A queue began to form two hours before midnight, and when the hour struck there was a wild scramble for the counter



SCENE OF TWO TRAGEDIES: This engraving, which was originally published in the *London Journal* and shows the wreck of the steamer *Superb* on the Minquiers Rocks on September 24, 1850, is of particular interest as only a few weeks ago, the air liner, *Cloud of Iona*, came to grief here and all its occupants perished. The rocks are among the most dangerous in the vicinity of the Channel Islands, and when the *Superb* went down 19 people were lost

CONTINUATIONS

SAHARA CROSSING

(Continued from page 380)

which was so oppressive, that it could almost be felt pressing on one, while the tempers of even the most cheerful became frayed if there was any hitch in the starting up of the cars in the morning.

Heavy winds and constant hard pulling are chiefly responsible for a heavy increase in petrol consumption. There are many simple but dangerous traps for the unwary, such as the knife-edged slate ridges under the surface, which cut the tyres to ribbons and necessitate the changing of a wheel under difficult conditions, and where the tools if not placed in the shade are too hot to handle.

A starting handle, or plank used to help in soft sand, is, if dropped and buried often impossible to find again, although one knows it is within a space of a few square yards. Undue strain is put on all parts of the car, making a breakdown inevitable, if constant care is not maintained during every minute of an already difficult route.

Owing to space being taken up by extra fuel and water supplies there is little room to carry any wireless apparatus, but if the rules of those in authority in these districts are observed, there is little danger unless the mental strain is too great.

On the Nile route not fewer than two vehicles are allowed to cross at one time, so that one machine can carry on if the other has a breakdown.

On the two Saharan routes one must report to the authorities on leaving the last outpost, and they will wireless the next post giving them the date of arrival. If this is not kept a search party is immediately sent out.

STAGE AND SCREEN

(Continued from page 386)

it cost over £200,000, and the cast is extensive and expensive. The costumes and the settings bedazzle with their splendour—Scotland never saw anything like that in any century. And if anyone imagines that the skirl of the pipes cannot be conjured up in a Californian film studio, they are quite wrong. "A hundred pipers and a' " . . . Not a bit of it. There must have been at least a thousand.

Mr. Fredric March makes a bluff and bonny Bothwell. The Queen is played with due glamour by Miss Katharine Hepburn, who looked exactly the same at the beginning of the film as she did at her execution nearly thirty years later. All great fun, if decidedly more Hollywood than Holyrood.

"The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (Film).—Mr. Wells' latest film, *The Man Who Could Work Miracles*, at the Leicester Square Theatre, is less ambitious than its predecessor, but a better film because it is more precise, more concise, and not so weighed down with political and economic theories of a century hence. It is half fantasy and half a serious problem, with the former to the fore, and all of it is good.

That favourite Wellsian figure, a Cockney draper, finds he can work miracles—"reely and trooly." Starting in a modest way with rabbits and goldfish, (which would merely resemble conjuring tricks, only he did not happen to be a conjurer) he grows more ambitious. This gets him into trouble in a bigger way. When ambition leads him to really immense matters, such as messing about with the rotation of the earth, his trouble develops in the biggest way possible. The moral is that if a man can by miraculous power become a dictator over all humanity, he will have an uncomfortable time of it—and so would humanity. There is whimsical humour in the film and also rather too much talk. But it is Wells at his very good best, all very would-be Utopian and provocative of argument. And it is well acted and produced.

ENGLAND AND THE DEFENCE OF IRELAND

(Continued from page 388)

President is preparing to argue that these will in time of war constitute *ipso facto* a menace to Irish neutrality, which indicates how his thought is shaping, namely, his hope of keeping his Ireland right out of any Continental holocaust unless given his will politically.

The third would clearly be the most popular policy: power to trade at war prices under the protection of the British Navy, and free from the risks of war. "The memories of the last war (one reads) when bullocks went to £40 a head, butter and cereals were plentiful, and war service was voluntary, are still vividly present. In addition, many think that Ireland would be the safest refuge in Europe, in any new conflict." Under this policy, England could bank on Southern Ireland as a vital source of food supply.

Finally, there is the fourth course, as propounded by Mr. O'Kelly: Unity as the pre-requisite of any form of neutrality or alliance. Failing which, "England's weakness is Ireland's opportunity." Let the former beware lest hostility, open or covert, should develop in her rear in her time of travail!

As it is a foregone conclusion that Britain, in view of her new and admittedly vulnerable situation in Europe, would under no circumstances abandon Irish waters—rather would she be ready to maintain herself by force therein—without a *quid pro quo* of the most watertight and unassailable nature, is it not about time someone sought to initiate Staff talks with Ireland? Fianna Fail's main objection to Mr. J. H. Thomas lay in the latter's uncompromising refusal to discuss the economic aspect apart from the general political problem. Mr. Cosgrave keeps saying that he could immediately separate the two, if returned to office. One does not have to travel very far before arriving at a point of wondering if the purely defensive of Anglo-Irish relations could not similarly be divorced from the political issue, given the aforesaid grisly state of Europe and the basic sympathy of Anglo-Irish attitude towards it?

Ireland henceforward has a growing amount to offer England strategically, and England might appreciate the fact more. No less so, Mr. de Valera—and Lord Craigavon—might do worse than reflect that England's loss to-day could well be Ireland's obliteration to-morrow.

WOODEN SHIPS AND IRON MEN

(Continued from page 390)

Lightning was built in 1854, and Forbes came across the Atlantic to take her over from the builders' yard. Laughlan Mackay sailed in the ship as passenger and builders' representative, and he must have proved a tower of strength to Forbes; when the latter on an occasion remarked to Mackay that it appeared inevitable that the "sticks" would be taken out of the ship by the gale then blowing Mackay replied "Don't worry, captain, you couldn't drive the masts out of her if you tried, my brother built the ship."

On this maiden passage the ship broke all records, she crossed, port to port, in 299 hours; in one day she sailed 436 miles (record for all time), and several times did 21 knots. At that date no steamer had ever approached that great day's run within 150 miles.

James Baines was a larger *Lightning* by 430 tons and she followed her sister in 1855. On her maiden voyage she crossed to Liverpool in two hours less time than had her sister, so there was little to choose between them. She then went out to Melbourne in sixty-three days, with 702 passengers and 365 sacks of mail. In one day she sailed 423 miles and several times reached 21½ knots, and during this phenomenal run every stitch of canvas was set, even to the lightest "gossamer;" seemingly incredible yet true beyond any room for doubt Such a feat was unique, and it proves that she was a truly noble vessel.

In 1857 the ship was taken for trooping to India (*Lightning* was also taken and she beat all the steam transports not by hours or days but weeks) and when she was inspected, prior to leaving with the troops, by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, Her Majesty remarked that "she had never for a moment imagined that she had such a truly noble vessel in her Merchant Navy."

Later editions of *James Baines* were *Champion of the Sea* (for figurehead a Highlander with Donald's features and Mackay Tartan), *Chariot of Fame*, *Donald Mackay*, *Pharaoh's Daughter*, and *Blue Jacket*, all built for, or early sold to, Britain, and all true clipper ships.

The last-named vessel was lost by fire off the Falkland Islands, and two years and nine months afterwards her figurehead, a blue-jacketed seaman of pre-Civil War times, was washed on shore at Rottnest Island, West Australia, to stand on the lawn of the Governor' ssummer residence there for many years, and then be chopped up for fire-wood by a cheerful vandalistic idiot who knew no better.

The clippers have now gone from the surface of the Seven Seas; they remain but a legend and a name. The stately sea-queens, each with her grace, her glory, paid toll of fire, storm, reef, and leak, to perish on the rocky coasts of Anno Domini and find a last resting-place from their labours in Dead Man's Bay. "Sleepe after toyle. Porte after stormie seas."

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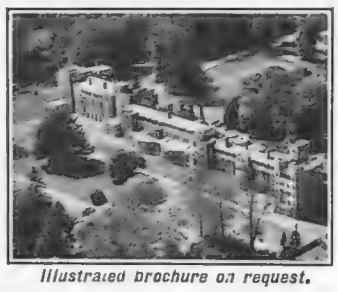

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Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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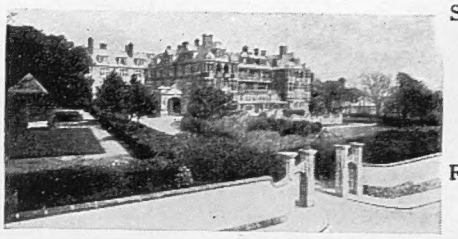

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PORTUGAL AND THE "COSTA DO SOL"

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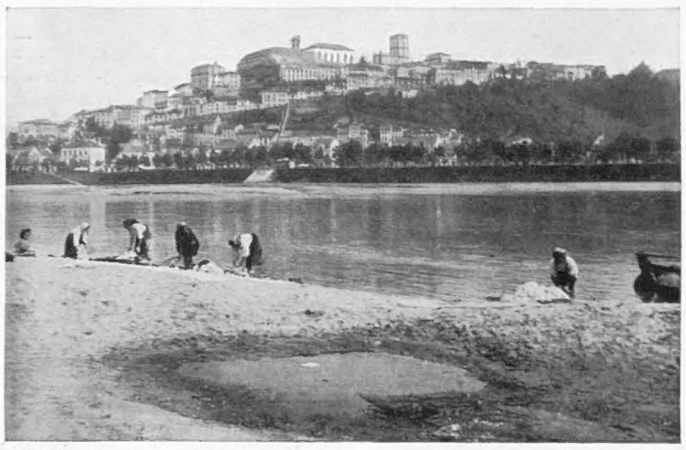
"COSTA DO SOL"—the sunny coast—is the name given to that stretch of land facing due south, which lies just above the mouth of the Tagus. Its charms have long been known to the citizens of Lisbon, but it is only during the past ten years or so that people from other countries—and notably from England—have discovered it and made it their own, that is to say, have given it the not easily defined but highly coveted status of a popular international resort. Estoril has won its English teashop and English library. It has also attracted an appreciable villa colony of all-the-year-round English residents, who find that life in Portugal is warm and safe and easy.

I was staying there myself in the spring, and my chief general impression of it was its being about the "easiest" place to live in I have ever struck. First of all, it is extraordinarily cheap (escudos are the units of currency, and 110 of them go to the £). Then there is the climate; I am given to understand on reliable authority that from September up till about Christmas, and possibly later, it is magnificent. January and February are the least good months, with a certain amount of mist and a certain number of storms. The same applies to the first part of March, but after that the spring arrives, and there April is (or should be) the equivalent of an English May at its best. I say "should be" because this year, when I was there, it wasn't.

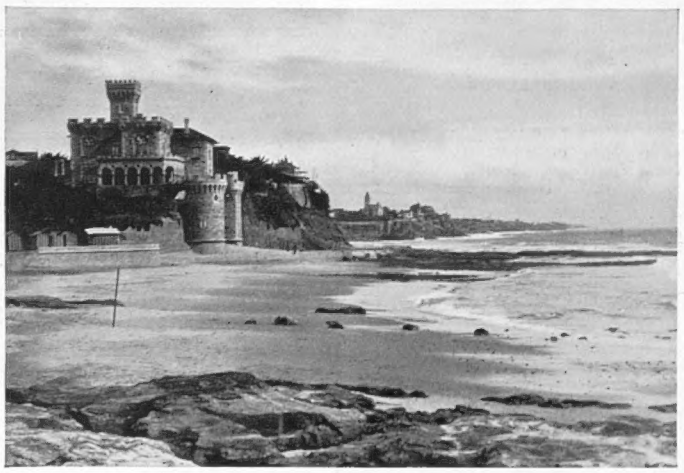
But I am convinced that the surprise which the inhabitants expressed at its not being, was quite genuine and, in any case, the brilliance and profusion of the flowers which were to be seen wherever one looked, and the cacti and the aloes and the palm trees were evidence enough that the weather on the whole is all right. May and June, I am told further, are absolutely marvellous, but July and August very hot indeed. These are the months when the Portuguese take their own holidays, incidentally, and the hotels are liable to be fairly crowded then. Another point about the climate that is worth noting; the air you are breathing is Atlantic air and wonderfully stimulating. It is no exaggeration to say that you begin to feel its tonic affects before you have been there twenty-four hours.

Then there is the Portuguese character to be considered. They are extremely good-natured people. They never seem to get worked up about the affairs of everyday life—taxi-drivers don't scream at you; restaurateurs don't turn black in the face should you query the accuracy of their addition. They are, on the other hand, fairly lazy, I should say, although they would deny this accusation themselves and explain that what we interpret as laziness is nothing of the kind, but simply the art of taking one's time, of not trying to do too much at once, of not deceiving oneself into the belief that one's activities are so important that they must all be performed in a rush. And, indeed, as soon as you have accustomed yourself to the idea of waiting for a quarter of an hour in every shop while your parcel is wrapped up, you begin to wonder whether they are not right.

A VILLAGE DRINKING FOUNTAIN: A glimpse of the old Portugal untouched by the hand of modernity



THE PORTUGUESE ATHENS: The university buildings of Coimbra dominating the heights above the gently flowing Mondego. This beautifully situated city was finally wrested from the Moors in 1064 by King Ferdinand I of Castile and thereafter was for nearly 200 years the capital of the newly-created Portuguese kingdom



HEART OF THE "COSTA DO SOL": The beach at Estoril, the resort which attracts many all-the-year-round English residents by reason of its climate. Bathing can be enjoyed there till quite late in the autumn

AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM: The main entrance of the Church of Santa Maria at Belem, with its pinnacles, niches, and statues which, though florid in style, form a striking whole

The thing of which Estoril is most justifiably proud, apart from its natural amenities, such as the lovely, sweet-smelling pines and the sparkling sea, is its new casino. This is a very smart building, in modern style, with a suitably "mondaine" atmosphere prevailing inside, and some fine gardens stretching away from the terrace in a gentle slope down towards the sea. They did not appear to be quite finished when I was there, but that was equally true of almost all the public gardens I saw, both in Lisbon itself and other places. The Portuguese have evidently a great taste for gardens, and they are all planned out on the most sumptuous lines. The only thing is, it takes rather a long time to get the actual job finished. But the good will is there all right, and at Estoril, apart from the actual results already achieved (which are considerable), I was always finding proof that nothing had been really forgotten; an occasional tortoise, for instance, peering placidly out from underneath a bush while it munched leaves; a pair of ducks in proud occupation of the brand new pond, assiduously fed by English ladies with lumps of bread saved from their breakfast rolls. There was, it seemed to me, a curious charm about all this, typical of Portugal, or at any rate of the "Costa do Sol"—a blending of simplicity and sophistication that is odd and very attractive.

Estoril provides good bathing until fairly late in the autumn, and there are plenty of other things to do as well. To start with the most modest: the walk along the coast to Cascais and the Boca do Inferno ("mouth of hell"), a curious rock formation where the waves rush in with terrific and deafening force, is a pleasant way of spending two or three hours, and Cascais, which is the village next to Estoril, is a very pretty little place. There are good walks to be found in the other direction, too, and one of the prettiest villages this way is St. Amaro.

Then there is Lisbon itself, forty minutes away by electric train, a city which can only be a source of unending delight to anybody with an eye for the picturesque. The centre part, down by the river, is laid out with formal regularity, a piece of town planning worked out by the Marquese of Pombal after the historic earthquake of 1755. From here ascends, right to the back of the town, the magnificent Avenida da Libertade, with an impressive monument at the top of it and a fine view over the great inland lake, the Mar da Palha, through which the Tagus flows, and towards the distant mountains on the other side. The Avenida itself has the same sort of grandeur as the Champs Elysées, while the view is absolutely incomparable. On both sides of the Avenida are very steep hills, where one comes upon all sorts of little streets and alleys and courtyards and squares that are just like eighteenth-century prints. In many ways it is reminiscent of Rome, or rather of those parts of Rome, intimate and romantic, which the modern mania for architectural grandeur is causing to be demolished.

There is, of course, plenty of official sight seeing for those who want it, but I am ashamed to say that for one reason and another I myself did practically none of it, so that this is a subject of which I cannot speak with much authority. But I did keep a look-out for the famous Belem Tower just close by the mouth of the Tagus, between Lisbon and Estoril. And I did see the monastery of St. Jeronimo, which is a very good example of the national "Manueline" style of architecture, a rather flowery Gothic. And I did visit the Coach Museum, which, as its name implies, is a museum devoted entirely to coaches—large coaches, small coaches, coaches of all ages, the most fantastic collection of coaches it is possible to imagine.

Cintra, of course, about twenty miles away from Lisbon is a place that everybody visits, and the little mountain range on which it is situated is quite extraordinarily lovely.

Richard Nowell

AN ANCIENT GATEWAY—BRAGA: A picturesque feature of the old-fashioned city which lies on an elevated plain between two rivers. It is a great place of pilgrimage at Whitsun

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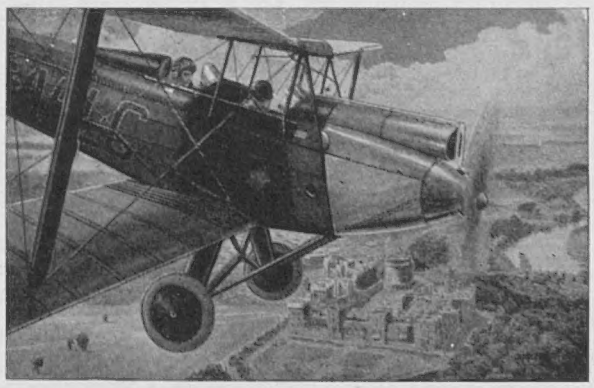

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